

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No 748

MARCH 29, 1884

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

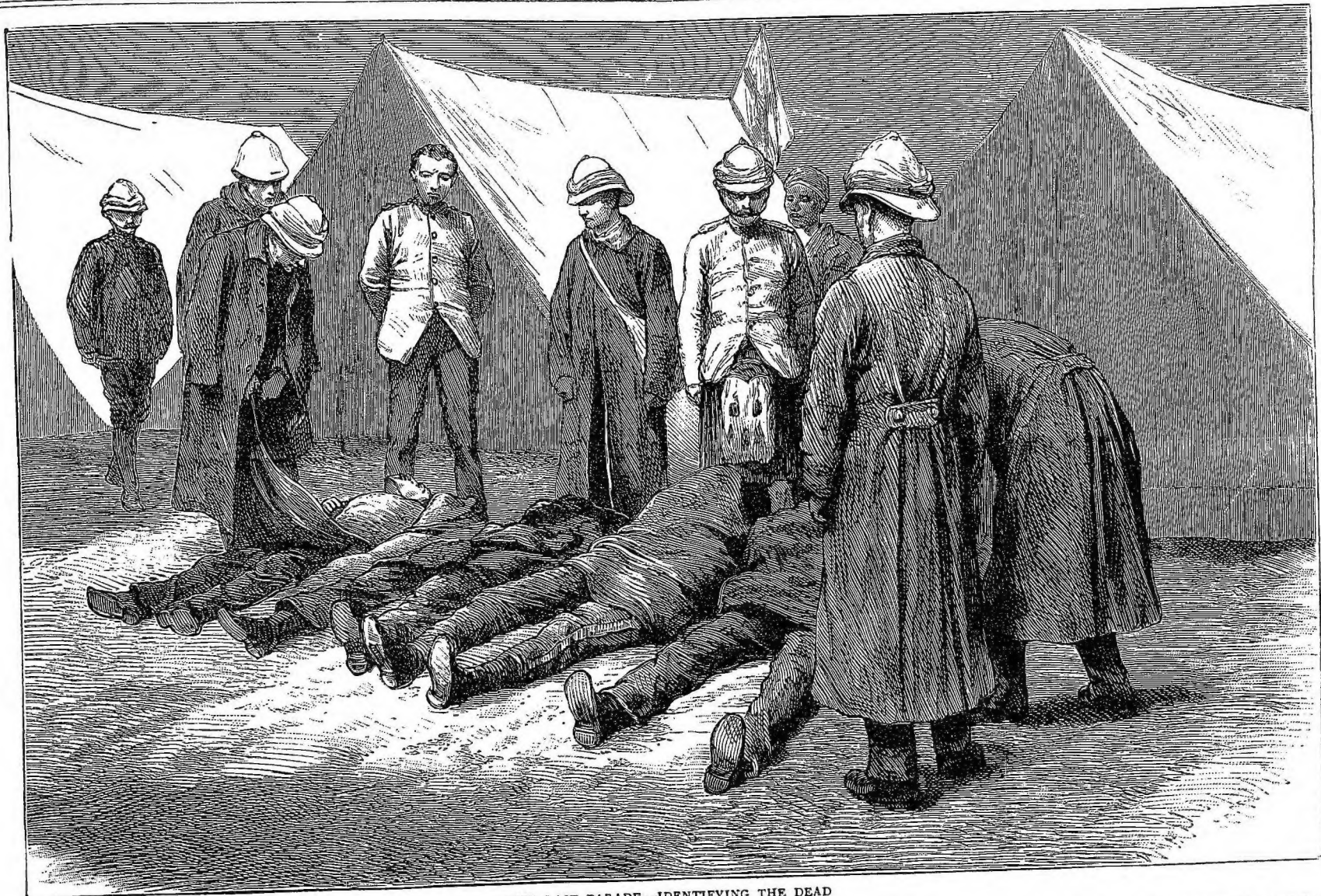
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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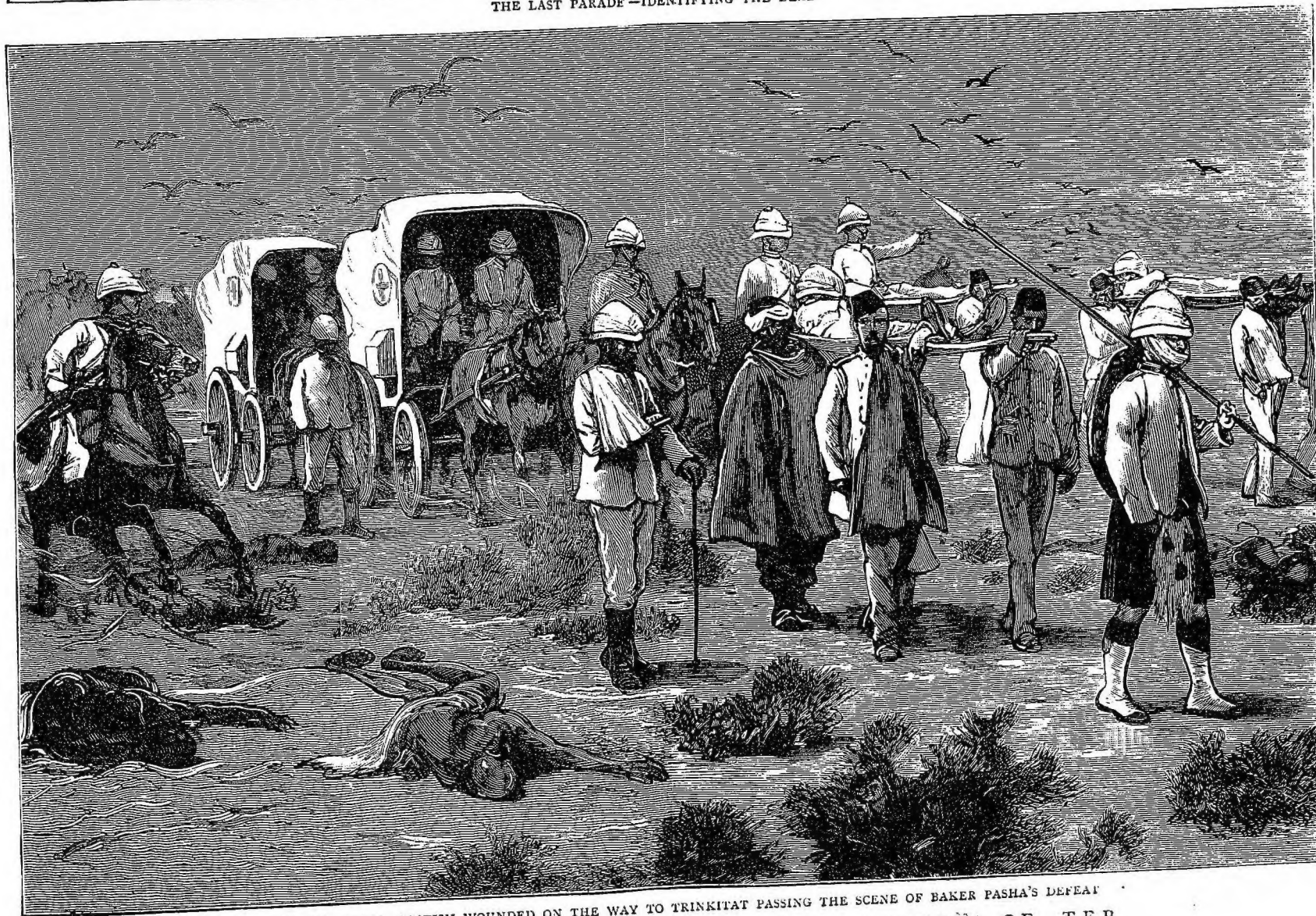
ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT [ PRICE NINEPENCE  
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THE LAST PARADE—IDENTIFYING THE DEAD



THE RED CROSS—BRITISH WOUNDED ON THE WAY TO TRINKITAT PASSING THE SCENE OF BAKER PASHA'S DEFEAT  
THE SOUDAN—AFTER THE SECOND BATTLE OF TED  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



## Topics of the Week

**CONSERVATIVES AND THE REFORM BILL.**—In the debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill the Conservatives cannot be said to have produced much impression on public opinion. They protest that the question of redistribution ought not to have been excluded from the measure, but they have not been able to support this position by any very serious arguments. If it could have been shown that the Government intend to introduce a Redistribution Bill of a revolutionary character, the case of the Opposition would have been made out; but it is known that the Government have no such purpose. According to the statements of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington, the Redistribution Bill will be based on principles which the Conservatives themselves admit to be sound. The only question about which there can be much dispute is that which relates to the representation of Ireland; and on this question the Liberal party has not been pledged to any particular line of policy. In these circumstances it is not very easy to see why the Reform Bill should be rejected simply because it deals only with the extension of the franchise. Had its scope been larger, it could not possibly have been read a third time during the present Session; for means would easily have been found to obstruct a very complicated measure. The real explanation of the opposition offered to the Bill is, of course, that the Conservatives are as hostile as they ever were to the concession of political rights to classes which have hitherto been only indirectly represented in the House of Commons. On the whole, it would have been better if, as a party, they had been as frank as Mr. Lowther in the expression of their genuine sentiments. A plain issue would then have been raised, and Liberals would have had a fuller opportunity of setting forth all the grounds for the belief that agricultural labourers desire to possess the franchise, and are worthy of being entrusted with it.

**TIME-WASTING M.P.'S.**—When people talk of Parliamentary Reform they always mean reform (that is, extension) of the electorate. But the reform of the electorate is rather a shadowy advantage unless the quality of the Chamber elected is improved also. Now the present House of Commons may be more "in touch" with the mass of the people than was its predecessor, say, in 1866, but is it its equal in the despatch of business? We trow not. Mr. Cowen, the other day, at the Hotspur Club, eloquently defended the House of Commons, and it is quite true, as he said, that a large number of members, whose names are little heard of by the public, do a vast amount of useful work, conscientiously and unobtrusively. But this does not alter the fact that a great deal of business which the country wants to be done, and which the majority of the members themselves wish to do, is inordinately delayed, or altogether postponed, by the unthinking vanity or the deliberate malice of a comparatively small number of persons. The House is to a great degree the victim of its own Rules, which, being framed by men extremely solicitous for the freedom of speech at a time when such freedom was a precious privilege, bestow immense power upon individual members, as contradistinguished from the House in the aggregate. Owing to the change of circumstances, the literal following of these Rules causes nowadays much inconvenience. It was very proper, for instance, at a time when the Crown possessed real power, that Grievance should precede Supply, but now the practical result of this maxim is to produce a flood of questions, some of which are childish and others mischievous, whereby, especially on Government nights, most of the time before dinner is wasted. Like most rapidly-shifting bodies, the House of Commons is very conservative of ancient observances. The same phenomenon is observable in public schools, where, although the school life of each boy is only about seven years, traditional customs linger on for centuries. We doubt, therefore, if the House of Commons will effectually reform its ways, unless the public insists upon it. The most effectual remedy would be to confer far more power than at present exists upon the official members of the Government. Surely a Cabinet Minister should be allowed to choose his own time for making an important statement, without regard to the whims of individuals. People seem to forget that it is through the Government that the dominant voice of the country speaks, and therefore that voice ought to have unhindered utterance.

**SIGNS OF A DISSOLUTION.**—A consumptive Parliament need not be at the point of death, and it is possible that the present House of Commons will be as lively and noisy as ever this time next year. But for all this the symptoms of approaching dissolution strike every frequenter of the lobbies. Honourable members on the Liberal side are not brought easily to vote. They come, but they grumble; they make their conditions with the Whips; they troop after movers of perilous amendments. It is in such times as these that the talents and temper of a good Whip are put to the proof. During the first two or three Sessions of a Parliament the work of "keeping the pack together" is not difficult, but once the straggling begins—and it began at Westminster from the time of the Brighton election—no coaxings or reproofs seem to be of much avail. Another sign of dissolu-

tion is to be seen in the number of provincial strangers who have come to the House of late. Deputations of influential electors, country-town editors, and party agents do a little quiet "heckling" of their members in the lobbies, and when pledges have been renewed, when this last vote has been explained and that future vote promised, when the deputation, the editor, the agent have all been soothed with kind words and hot tea in the Tea-room—there still remains enough doubt on the wretched member's mind to send him off hurrying to his constituency by a night-train. On some recent evenings, when there was important business before the House, the attendance of members has been so thin as to remind one of August. Lord Richard Grosvenor has looked glum, and Lord Kensington has tried under overpowering depression to look breezy. All this may mean nothing, and a "Tally-ho" may yet be heard that will rouse the whole pack and make it run straight, but for the present there seems to be as little zest as order in the running.

**GENERAL GORDON.**—When General Gordon was sent to Khartoum the Government seemed to have no doubt that by his mere presence he would be able to triumph over the most formidable difficulties. This anticipation has not been realised. Almost immediately, indeed, he succeeded in restoring order in Khartoum itself, and he was able to provide some means of defence for the town against the neighbouring hostile tribes. But the enmity of these tribes he has not found it possible to overcome, and there is too much reason to fear that he is now in a very perilous position. On Tuesday evening Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice announced that General Graham was about to disperse any forces Osman Digma might have collected, and he expressed a hope that if this were done the road to Berber might be kept clear. So far this is satisfactory enough; but the Government can hardly suppose that the public expect it to do no more than prevent Osman Digma from again becoming dangerous. It has been definitely stated that order is to be maintained on the Red Sea littoral, and all the world agrees that the Red Sea littoral cannot be safe as long as the interior is in a violently disturbed condition. The security of Suakim depends on the security of Khartoum; and, notwithstanding the outcries of a small group of bitter Radicals, the Ministry will have to recognise sooner or later that Khartoum must in some way be dominated by England. Besides—and this is, of course, by far the most important consideration, so far as the immediate future is concerned—General Gordon cannot be left to fight a desperate battle unaided, if the climate does not render it physically impossible for us to send him help. He risked everything to undertake a mission which could have been undertaken by nobody else, and England would cover herself with dishonour if she did not strain her resources to the utmost to save him from disaster.

**LONDON STREET IMPROVEMENTS.**—Considering the enormous size and the aggregate wealth of London, the piercing of new thoroughfares for the accommodation of a traffic which is constantly growing is of a very petty and piecemeal character. A man inspired with the daring, and armed with the powers, of the late Baron Haussmann, if he had examined a metropolitan map with the view of ascertaining where new arteries were most needed, would certainly decide to construct a fine broad avenue (not necessarily straight, a few bends would make it all the more graceful) between Charing Cross and the Angel at Islington. Every one who has travelled between those important points knows the tortuous course through narrow back streets and up and down steep hills which is taken by the omnibuses. However, not possessing a Baron Haussmann, we must be content with small mercies, and rejoice that, at all events, a bit of this route has been improved. Gray's Inn Road (which used at its lower end to be called Gray's Inn Lane, and which in that part was little wider than an alley) has been made into a good broad street. Mr. Sala optimistically speaks of it as "a magnificent thoroughfare." The laudatory adjective might perhaps be appropriate if the grimy buildings of Gray's Inn, with their mud-bespattered windows, were replaced by erections of some architectural beauty, with shops on the ground-floor. The Inn ought to be compelled to sell this part of its property at a reasonable price, and then the improvement could be effected at once; otherwise we shall perhaps have to wait for a century, since in this country private interest usually manages to override public advantage. Sir J. Hogg expressed a hope in his speech that the new street from Charing Cross to Tottenham Court Road would soon be made. We hope so too; it has been talked of for forty years past, and it is far more urgently needed than was Northumberland Avenue, which was the issue of a gigantic job. And now that Gray's Inn Road has been widened, may we venture to suggest that there is much need of a carriage road, bearing south-west and north-east, between the Strand and Holborn? This improvement might be connected with Lincoln's Inn Fields, which in any other civilised city would be freely opened to the public, provided with seats, and a band of music during the summer evenings, besides being made easily accessible by coach-roads to Holborn and the Strand.

**OVERWORKED GIRLS.**—That was a very dismal account which the *St. James's Gazette* gave the other day of the overworking of girls in a fashionable millinery establishment.

Most people have been thinking that the evils denounced were abolished long ago, when inspectors were first appointed to see that sempstresses were not made to work in unhealthy rooms, or for more than so many hours in a day. But we are told that the visits of the inspectors are mere forms, and somehow this is alleged to be the case whenever an inspector's work is examined by the light of abuses suddenly flaring up. We should like, however, to hear the inspector's story. Inspectors, of no matter what, are seldom adequately paid, and in discharging their duties they are exposed to many temptations which, if surmounted, lay them open to much sullen ill-will. The inspector who is determined to find out things must have a fine pair of eyes and a lively wit to cope with the conspiracies which are at once set afoot to mislead him. Generally he gets on the scent of only small irregularities, which are as vermin beside the mammoth evils which he dare not encounter single-handed, and when he has run down one of these small noxious things no one thanks him, and he finds the game was not worth the time and trouble it cost to kill. The easy-going inspector, on the other hand, leads a pleasant life, and that is something to consider for a man who does not care to be always floundering in hot water. What is an inspector to do if, as we are informed, the very girls who are overworked to the point of losing their health are afraid to complain lest they should lose the situations which are killing them? We can only look to an improved state of public morality for a reform of these slave-driving abuses, and the improvement will come all the sooner if the overworked girls have the moral courage to stand by one another, and refuse all in a body to submit to treatment which they know to be illegal.

**IRISH REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT.**—After all, it seems that Mr. Gladstone's statement about the representation of Ireland was not so serious as most people at the time supposed. According to Lord Hartington, it must be taken in association with two other statements—namely, that it may be well to increase the number of members of Parliament, and that districts remote from the centre of government are entitled to a larger share of representation than other parts of the United Kingdom. If these propositions are not admitted, then, says Lord Hartington, Mr. Gladstone's "whole declaration requires further consideration." Now, with regard to the second of the two propositions, it does not appear that anybody really agrees with Mr. Gladstone about what he holds to be the rights of the inhabitants of remote districts. As for the suggestion that the number of members of Parliament should be increased, there is a very general opinion that the number is already too large; and if the Prime Minister's proposal were formally made, even he would probably be unable to shake this conviction. The representation of Ireland may, therefore, be regarded as an open question; and it will be very surprising if, when the Redistribution Bill comes to be considered, a majority of the Liberal party is found to argue that the Irish people should have more than their fair share of influence in the House of Commons. In his speech on Monday Mr. Bright appealed to the Act of Union; but his remarks have been sufficiently answered by reference to the speech delivered by Mr. Pitt when the proportion of Irish members was determined. Mr. Pitt distinctly laid down that the elements of the problem were the relative populations of Great Britain and Ireland and the rate of their contributions to the revenue. Even if we leave the last consideration out of account, Ireland is now over-represented; and it would be unjust and inexpedient to permit her to retain a privilege which she can retain only at the cost of England and Scotland.

**FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.**—In an ideal world every nation would be left alone to work out its destiny without forcible interference by its neighbours. In the real world it is not so, and such interference is especially rife in "The Dark Continent," where the Semitic man rides roughshod over the Ethiopian man, and, in his turn, has to undergo the supremacy of the Caucasian man. Considering our doings in the Soudan, it is not easy just now to read a moral lecture to the French about Madagascar, nevertheless we do wish that they would leave that remote island alone. Very rarely has the arrival of the white man, in any region of the earth, been conducive to the happiness of the coloured man, but Madagascar has hitherto appeared to be a bright exception. Nowhere else, within the memory of living persons, have the genuine advantages of Christianity been more signally exemplified. A nation has been literally converted from darkness to light, from barbarism to civilisation. It is a thousand pities that an experiment so interesting, so unique, and so successful, should be spoilt by the determination of the French to assert certain vague and doubtful territorial claims. Religious bigotry is also mixed up with this unhappy business. Strange to say the French Republic, which is rather atheistical in Europe, is highly orthodox, and even Ultramontane, in the tropics. The French Roman Catholic missionaries are jealous of the influence gained by the Protestant missionaries. The practical question now is: If the French recommence operations in Madagascar, has our Government decided to let them do as they please there? Has a Kilmainham Compact been arranged in which Suakim is to balance Tamatave?

**READERS AND TRIFLERS.**—The Reading Room at the British Museum is so very well managed that one rather



hesitates to make any suggestion for the improvement of its rules. For some time past, however, it has become evident that admissions will have to be granted less indiscriminately than now if the place is to be useful to those who really want to study and not to lounge. In the morning, especially when the weather is cold or wet, the room is inconveniently crowded, and many of the persons who resort to it do nothing apparently but read books which might be obtained at any circulating library. Others write their letters, some dawdle over albums or volumes of illustrated papers, some sleep. What is worse, certain visitors who do not want to read, or who at least require only one volume, take down a number of reference books from the shelves and keep them on their desks unopened for hours, just to make a show of being studious. As to some of these books of reference, the time has certainly come for making a new rule. There are works like "Men of the Time," "Vapereau," "Burke's Landed Gentry," &c., which ought not to be carried away to the desks, but should be consulted at a special table; or if carried away, the readers who take them should leave the number of their desks with an attendant, in order that the books may be available for other readers after a reasonable time. As things go, a man may take a much-used book of reference in the morning and keep it till night, simply because he is too lazy to return it to its shelf when he has done with it, and this though a hundred other men may want the book in the course of the day. In making these remarks we take pleasure in acknowledging the ever-courteous readiness shown by the Superintendent of the Reading Room, Dr. Richard Garnett, in assisting readers who want information of any sort. This gentleman discharges his laborious duties in the most praiseworthy manner, and the example he sets is well followed by his patient and obliging staff of assistants.

"BACILLI."—There seems to be good reason to believe that science has at last tracked to its source one of the most terrible plagues of the human race. Some time ago Dr. Koch and his colleagues in the German Cholera Commission discovered that *bacilli* of a particular kind were present in all true cases of cholera, and that they were not associated with any other form of disease. This was an immense step in advance, and its vast importance became apparent when the Commission found that these microscopic creatures swarmed in the water used in the native quarter of Calcutta, where cholera had been sweeping away multitudes of victims. It was further observed that the disappearance of the epidemic coincided with the disappearance of the *bacilli*. After this it could not, of course, be doubted that the two sets of phenomena were intimately connected; but the last link in the chain of evidence was still wanting. The Commissioners made experiments on animals (experiments which even anti-vivisectionists can scarcely condemn); but they could not succeed in propagating the disease artificially. It is said that this has now been done by an English surgeon, Dr. Vincent Richards. According to the *Calcutta Englishman*, Dr. Richards administered *bacilli* to a pig, which died three hours afterwards of what is believed to have been genuine cholera. If the experiment can be successfully repeated, there will no longer be any doubt as to the origin of cholera; and the only question will be whether we can banish the *bacilli* to some region of the universe where they may disport themselves without injury to man. Many natives of India will, no doubt, make the ideal *bacillus* an object of worship; but it may be hoped that men of science will discover some more promising way of exorcising the demon of this frightful malady. In the mean time, the whole world owes a debt of gratitude to the German Commissioners for their zealous and wisely-directed labours.

BISHOPS *versus* LAWYERS.—Mr. Willis, Q.C., has been trying to turn the Bishops out of the House of Lords. Why does not some Right Reverend Father propose the exclusion of lawyers from the House of Commons? As it is, the House swarms with them, and it might be seriously argued that the interests of the community would be better served if at least their numbers were greatly reduced. To begin with, politics are to them more or less of a profession. There are so many prizes for which lawyers are eligible, that a man who, in his professional capacity, is frequently trying to prove that black is white, feels little remorse in allowing his expectations to colour his political views. Then, as a body, lawyers, in their legislative capacity, although they may be labelled Liberals, are opponents of change. They cannot be expected to sympathise with proposed alterations which render their professional services less necessary. It is enough to refer to the Land Laws in this connection. Altogether, we are (with the exception, perhaps, of the United States, where every male human being appears to have been in the law at some period of his career) the most lawyer-ridden people in creation; the solicitor dogs us from the cradle to the grave; and therefore, instead of turning the Bishops out of the Lords, we would repeal Horne Tooke's Act, and allow ministers of religion to sit in the Commons, if only in the hopes that thereby the number of legal M.P.'s might be slightly diminished.

A MINOR'S NECESSARIES.—Mr. Justice Grove, in trying the case of "Haines *v.* Guthrie," let fall the wise but well-seasoned remark that a man does not know the value of money unless he earns it. If it be well that a man should

know the value of money, it may not be amiss that he should squander his substance in his youth, and be reduced to the necessity of earning his bread. But this view, though it has commended itself to some moralists, hardly squares with the natural idea that young people should be held in tutelage. A young man who ruins himself is generally assisted in the process by others who have passed the age of discretion; and, if we admit that a minor is not fit to manage his own affairs, the law should shield him against the designs of such persons. This can only be done by making the legal definition of necessities a very narrow one indeed: it should not include luxuries, and tradesmen who are disposed to minister to a foolish young fellow's extravagance should know once and for all that they will be able to recover payment for nothing but what they would allow to their own sons as prudent fathers of families. The jewellers' touts who go to University towns, pressing trinkets on long credit upon undergraduates; the money-lenders who part with cash at sixty per cent. interest on *post obits*; the wine-merchants, the tobacconists, who sell to green youths under twenty-one vile merchandise at exorbitant prices, are a category of persons for whose occasional losses decent people can feel no sympathy. The juvenile spendthrift is not a person to be sympathised with either; but, if he have vicious instincts, he will bring himself to grief all in due time; whereas, if his weakness be only that of youth, Society owes him full fatherly protection until he comes to the age of strength. That is the only way to look at the matter.



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NOTICE.—With this Number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "SWEET GIRL GRADUATES AT HOME," a Sketch at the New Hall of Residence for Women Students, Byng Place, Gordon Square; the other, "PAST AND PRESENT," from the Picture by T. Blake Wirgman, exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



## THE SOUDAN—AFTER THE BATTLE OF TEB

A BATCH OF PRISONERS

A NUMBER of prisoners were taken during the second battle of Teb, on February 29, and our sketch by Mr. D. Mosconas, interpreter to the British forces, represents a batch who had been taken to Suakim. Many of them still believed in the invincibility of the Mahdi and his lieutenant Osman Digma, while others declared that they had not expected to encounter British troops, and that their sheikhs had deceived them by telling them that they would only have to fight the Egyptians. Many inquired with an air of surprise why brave men like the English should attack their enemies in the rear, instead of meeting them face to face—alluding to General Graham's flank movement. The prisoners were all well treated by the soldiers, and probably better fed than they had ever been in their lives.

## AN AUSTRIAN VISITOR TO OSMAN DIGMA

THIS and the remainder of our engravings are from sketches by our special artist, Mr. F. Villiers. Mr. Guido Levi, an Austrian merchant, and formerly a captain in the merchant service, started for Osman Digma's camp on January 24th, provided with a white flag and an Arabic letter, stating that he had come to pay that chieftain a friendly visit, and asking permission to live with him. On nearing Osman Digma's encampment he was met by some Arabs and their sheikh, who promised to take him at once to Osman Digma. Other Arabs, however, objected to this, but finally, on his consenting to become a Mussulman, and adopting the native dress (drawers, vest, Arab gallabich—a species of smock frock, and slippers), he was conducted to the great chief's presence. "I found him," he writes in an interesting account published in the *Daily News*, "amongst a circle of Arabs, sitting on the ground. He wore only a very dirty sheet and a straw cap; he appeared to be a very common sort of man—in fact, the least distinguished looking of the group." Osman Digma received him politely, granted his request to live in the camp, and assured him that as he had become a Mussulman he need have no fear of his life. His followers, however, were not so good-natured, and Mr. Levi had a sorry time of it during the remainder of his stay. They told him that the Mahdi intended to take possession of Egypt, kill the Sultan of Stamboul, and all the Egyptians and Christians. "They cared neither for riches, position, nor anything on earth, for they knew if they fought for the Mahdi they would gain heaven, if not they would go to hell." Mr. Levi bore witness to the bravery and frugal living of the Arabs, and gave many interesting details regarding the camp. He was only allowed to see Osman once again—when, as his custom was, he was reading books about the Mahdi to his followers and letters which he had pretended to receive from him. Mr. Levi was not allowed to give Osman the presents he had brought for him; and, finally, his treatment became so harsh, that, after sixteen days' detention, he made up his mind to escape. "At midnight I crept from my hut, in front of which the men were asleep, taking care not to waken them. By crawling I got clear of them, and in half an hour was free of the camp. . . . At daylight I found myself a good way from Suakim, in the direction of Tokar. I still tried to run on, and at half-past nine I came near the forts, broken down by fatigue and thirst, without having met a soul on the way."

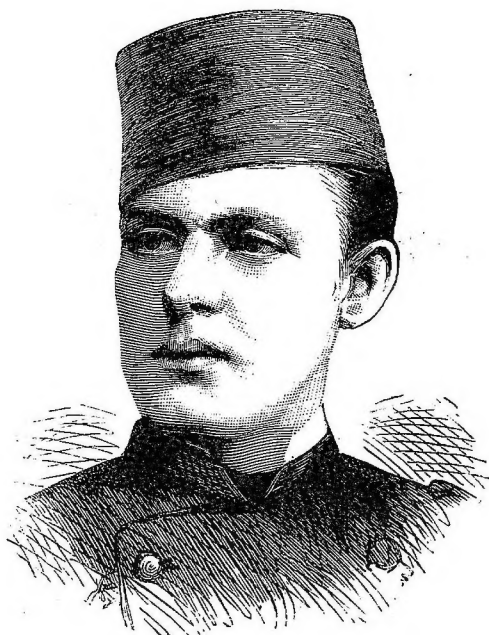
## THE LAST PARADE, AND GENERAL GRAHAM VISITING THE WOUNDED

Of these two sketches little need be said. The task of identifying the bodies of the slain is always the most mournful duty of the campaign, and the "last parade" of the gallant fellows as they lie





CAPTAIN H. G. W. FORD  
York and Lancaster Regiment  
Killed at the Battle of Tamasi, March 13



MAJOR YOUSSEUF TAHIR BEY  
Commander of the Turkish Battalion with Baker  
Pasha's Force, Killed at the First Battle of Teb, Feb. 4



LIEUTENANT HOUSTON STEWART, R.N.  
H.M.S. "Dryad"  
Killed at the Battle of Tamasi, March 13



LIEUTENANT W. HUGHES HALLETT MONTRESOR, R.N.  
H.M.S. "Euryalus"  
Killed at the Battle of Tamasi, March 13



COMMANDER ERNEST NEVILLE ROLFE, R.N.  
H.M.S. "Euryalus"  
Who Went Out Alone at Night Before the Battle of Tamasi  
to Examine the Enemy's Position

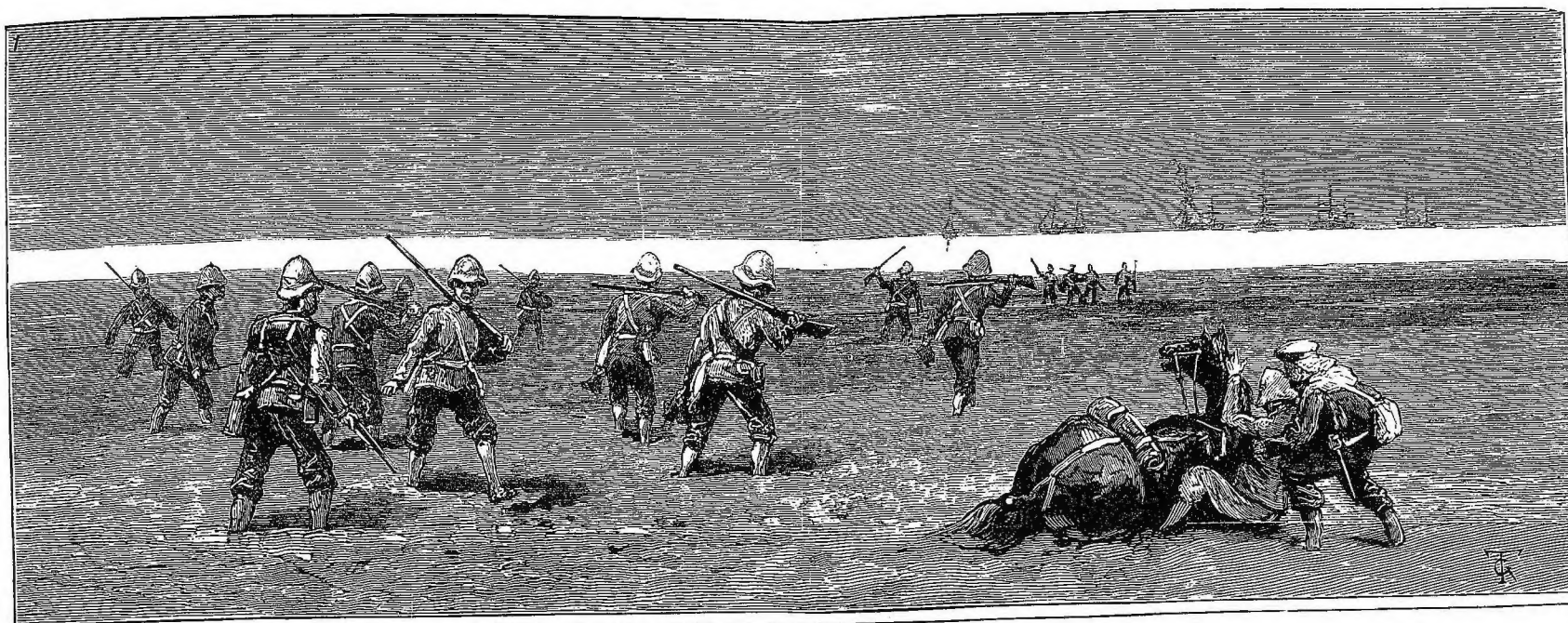


MAJOR WALKER AITKEN  
Black Watch  
Killed at the Battle of Tamasi, March 13

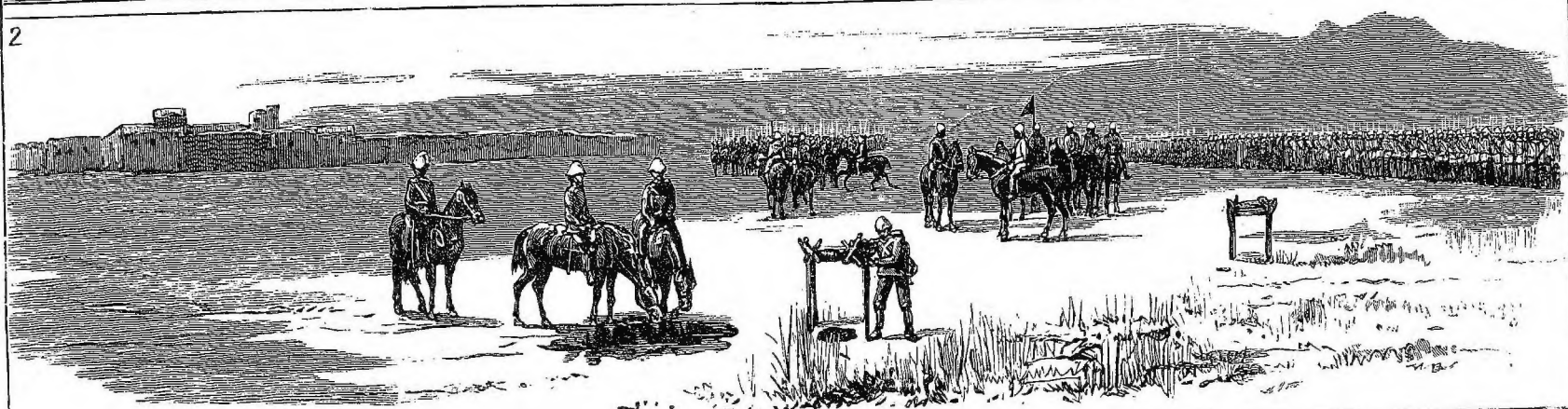


LIEUTENANT WALTER B. ALMACK, R.N.  
H.M.S. "Briton"  
Killed at the Battle of Tamasi, March 13





2



1. Back to the Ships Over the Mud Swamps of Trinkitat.—2. The British Force Before the Walls.



A WASH AFTER PASSING THE MUD SWAMPS

THE SOUDAN—AFTER THE SECOND BATTLE OF TEB  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS, AND AN EGYPTIAN OFFICER IN THE BRITISH SERVICE



stiff and stark on the ground rarely fails to move the stoniest of hearts. Some of the officers, Major Slade, Lieutenant Probyn, and others, were buried inside the entrenchments, the officiating minister being the Rev. Mr. Smith, so well known for his gallantry at Rorke's Drift. The wounded were not transported to Trinkitat until the day after the battle. It was deemed unsafe to do so during the night when, in spite of our victory, stray bands might be prowling about. The ambulance, it should be said, was admirably managed. Every requisite was in readiness on the battle-field, and the wounded were all under treatment before dark. In the morning, before starting, General Graham visited the whole of the wounded.

#### MAJOR-GENERAL BULLER LOOKING OUT FOR TOKAR AND BEFORE THE WALLS

THE day after the Battle of Teb General Graham marched upon Tokar, and the cavalry was sent in advance of the force in order to ascertain whether the march was being made in the right direction, as in order to secure more open ground the square had somewhat deflected to the right. It was some time before Tokar could be descried, and our sketch shows Major-General Buller striving to get a glimpse of the town. Finally Tokar was sighted, and the scouts indicated a more direct route than that which the troops were taking. "Before the Walls" needs no explanation, as it represents the British troops before Tokar, whose fortifications, as may be seen, are scarcely worthy of the name, and totally incapable of withstanding an artillery assault.

#### BRITISH WOUNDED ON THEIR WAY TO TRINKITAT

THIS sketch represents the transport of the British wounded at the second Battle of El Teb to Trinkitat, over the scene of the first battle, in which Baker Pasha was so disastrously defeated. The *Daily News* correspondent, when writing of the advance, describes the sight as a hideous picture. "Skeletons, half covered with flesh, dotted each side of the line for miles. On the scene of the massacre of Baker's square it was strewn literally with hundreds, numbers of them in the most extraordinary attitudes, and, with fleshless fingers, clutching into the sand. I noticed that most of them lay on their faces, and they showed one or more spear thrusts in the back, head, and neck." After General Graham's victory, a party of the 42nd visited the field, and found and buried the bodies of the British officers who had been killed in Baker Pasha's defeat.

#### AFTER THE RELIEF OF TOKAR

THESE sketches represent the troops crossing the mud-swamp which intervenes between the mainland and the slip of sand which, dignified by the name of Trinkitat, served as the base of our operations for the relief of Tokar. A good wash, after wading through the slush and slime, was acceptable to all. Our artist writes: "The worst bit of road on the line of march was just outside Trinkitat, and here for a few hundred yards was a mud swamp very trying for men and transport. At each step one would be buried up to the knee in soft mud. This passed and the hard sand gained, Tommy Atkins would wash the mud from his feet and legs in a muddy pool, and resume his socks and boots once more."

#### THE CHARGE OF THE NINETEENTH HUSSARS

ONE of the most striking incidents of the Battle of El Teb was the gallant charge of the Hussars upon the wavering enemy after the capture of their first position. We described and illustrated the battle generally last week, but of this charge we may quote the spirited description of the *Daily News* correspondent:—"Among the feats of Friday's battle, none were more brilliant than those of the 19th and 19th Hussars. In the charge, the 19th found themselves confronted by a large body of Rebels, mounted on camels and horses, the former masking the latter, behind which again were considerable numbers of spearmen on foot. The Rebel horsemen, armed with two-edged swords, made for the 19th, producing, however, little or no effect. The real opposition was from the spearmen, who, lying down as the cavalry galloped on, started up and attempted to hamstring our horses. Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, leading the charge, received a spear-wound, but rode on till his horse fell. The Colonel's trumpet [shown in our engraving bravely fighting on foot], coming to the rescue was severely wounded. Lieutenant Probyn, attached to the 19th, was the first to fall in this charge. Major Slade, of the same regiment, was not missed until the cavalry had for some time been returning to the square." A writer in the *Times* also thus describes the charge: "Soon came the order to charge; this was about 12.40. On went Colonel Barrow, his squadrons as regular as if on parade, but he had a dangerous enemy to meet. Neither horsemen nor footmen showed the faintest vestige of fear or indecision. The men on foot lay in shelter of the hillocks and mounds of sand, which, though small to the eye, were effective, and rising as the horses leapt over them or swerved aside, drove home their heavy spears, throwing them where they were unable to reach their foe by hand. The spears are Zulu assegais in form, except that, being weighted with a roll of iron at the extreme end of the shaft, they have a greater momentum and piercing power. Some thirty horsemen rode with full force and boldly against the whole advancing squadron, not a sign of trepidation anywhere among them. Three came safely straight through, and, undismayed either by the shock they had survived or the equal peril imminent from the second line sweeping down upon them, wheeled their horses, which they were riding barebacked, with wonderful rapidity, and actually hesitated not to hunt in full pursuit the squadrons whose superior power they had so narrowly escaped. I do not think they survived to boast of their prowess, but the tussle became a tough one."

#### BRITISH OFFICERS KILLED AT TAMASI

THE roll of killed in the Battle of Tamasi, on March 13, is unfortunately greater than that of the Battle of El Teb. Five officers fell, and of these three belonged to the Naval Brigade, and died at their posts while defending the guns from that furious onslaught which broke the line of the 65th, and caused the guns to be temporarily abandoned, the men, however, only retiring when the ammunition failed, and being careful to "lock" the guns so as to render them useless to the enemy.

LIEUTENANT HUSTON STEWART was the eldest son of the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, Sir Houston Stewart, and up to the time of his death was First Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Dryad*. He was only thirty-one years of age. He entered the Navy in 1866 as a cadet on board the *Britannia* at Dartmouth, and became a midshipman in 1868, a Sub-Lieutenant in 1873, and a Lieutenant in 1876. He has seen much foreign service. The last ship he paid off was the *Fantome*. He then joined the *Cambridge* for a short course of gunnery duties, which he successfully passed. He was next appointed to the *Achilles*, one of the Channel Squadron. When it was deemed desirable to recommission the *Dryad*, the Admiralty selected Lieutenant Houston Stewart to fill the post of First Lieutenant of the ship. Lieutenant Stewart, together with all the other officers and men for the *Dryad*, left Devonport at the end of December, in the troopship *Humber*, and consequently had barely entered on his duties when he met with his death. He distinguished himself in the Battle of El Teb, where he had charge of a gun. Lieutenant H. Stewart was called after his grandfather, the late Admiral of the Fleet.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Debenham and Co., Rembrandt House, Palmerston Road, Southsea.

MAJOR WALKER AITKEN, of the Black Watch, who fell in the desperate attack on the square at Tamasi, was born in 1842, and joined the 42nd in 1861. He served in India until driven home on sick leave by Peshawar fever. On the return of the Black Watch, in 1868, he rejoined his regiment, and in 1873, as a Lieutenant, accompanied it to the Gold Coast to reinforce Sir Garnet Wolseley, then engaged on the Ashantee Expedition. Being given command of a company, he took part in the actions of Amoaful and Ordasoo, and the final occupation of Coomassie. In 1882 his regiment was ordered to Egypt, and although Major Aitken had not entirely recovered from an accident in which he had sustained concussion of the brain, he insisted on his right to proceed with his company. In the attack on Arabi's entrenched position at Tel-el-Kebir, his company occupied the extreme right of the Highland Brigade, and during the day he displayed great decision and energy. His health again gave way, he was invalided home, but after a few months returned to Egypt, and accordingly was detailed for the Expedition for the relief of Tokar. He escaped without injury in the Battle of Teb, but, as we have said, fell at Tamasi, on the 29th ult.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55 and 56, Baker Street, London, W.

CAPTAIN HARRY GEORGE WAKELYN FORD was born in 1848. He was gazetted as Ensign to the 11th Foot in 1865, but did not join this regiment. He subsequently served in the 7th (the Royal Fusiliers), in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, and in this he became Lieutenant in 1871. He afterwards joined the 56th ("the Pompadours") and the York and Lancaster Regiment, to which he was gazetted Captain in 1880, and with which he was killed in action at Tamasi. Captain Ford was the youngest son of William M. Ford, Staff Surgeon A.M.D., who died at Cephalonia, Ionian Islands, in 1850, in the exercise of his profession during the outbreak of cholera among the British troops there, and who had seen active service in China and at the Cape of Good Hope during the Kafir War. Captain Ford was grandson of the late Lieut.-Colonel Charles Smith, of Whittlesea, J.P. and D.L. of the Isle of Ely, who was wounded at Waterloo, where he fought with his brothers, the late Lieut.-General Sir Harry G. W. Smith, Baronet of Aliwal, G.C.B., and the late Colonel Thomas Lawrence Smith, C.B., for many years Barrack-master at Chatham and Aldershot.—Our portrait is from a photograph by R. L. Graham.

LIEUTENANT HUGHES HALLETT MONTRESOR, son of Admiral Frederick Byng Montresor, by marriage with Emily, daughter of Mr. J. Delafield, entered the navy in 1868, was appointed lieutenant in 1879. As sub-lieutenant he served in Her Majesty's ship *Swiftsure* and Her Majesty's ship *Himalaya*, and as lieutenant was employed in the latter vessel, and in the *Nautilus* brig, tender to Her Majesty's ship *Impregnable*. From October, 1881, to March, 1883, Lieutenant Montresor studied for torpedo lieutenant, and on examination took a first-class certificate. In June, 1883, he was appointed torpedo lieutenant of the *Euryalus*, Admiral Hewett's Flagship, on the East Indian station. He took part in the action at El Teb, and served as adjutant to the Naval Brigade.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Heath and Bullingham, 24, George Street, Plymouth.

LIEUTENANT WALTER B. ALMACK was the fifth son of the Rev. H. Almack, D.D., Rector of Fawley, near Henley-on-Thames. He was thirty-three years of age, and entered the Navy in 1863. He was appointed Lieutenant in 1875. As Sub-Lieutenant he served on H.M.S. *Pallas* and *Sultan*, and as Lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Raleigh*, when that ship was in Besika Bay during the Russo-Turkish War. In 1879 he became Gunnery-Lieutenant, and was as such appointed to H.M.S. *Penelope*, the Flag Ship at Harwich. In 1881 he joined the *Briton*, and proceeded in her to the East Indian Station. The ship was summoned from Bombay on the outbreak of the present hostilities, and reached Suakim the day before the battle of El Teb. During his first cruise he served as Midshipman on board H.M.S. *Bull-Dog*, when that ship was engaged in September, 1865, with the forts at Cape Haitien, in the West Indies. During the fight he succeeded, under a hot fire, in rescuing seven of the crew of a hostile ship sunk during the action. We may perhaps add that his crowning experience of actual war resembled in no slight degree the death of his great friend Lieutenant Trower, who perished in the Naval Brigade on Majuba Hill in the late Boer War.—Our portrait is from a photograph by West and Son, Eagle House, 97, High Street, Gosport.

#### MAJOR YOUSSEUF TAHIR BEY

THIS officer, who fell in the first Battle of Teb, while in command of the Turkish battalion under Baker Pasha, was the son of a Turkish officer, Colonel Tahir Bey. He was born in 1861, at Bareilly, Rohilkund, N.W.P., his father then holding a high appointment in the police of that province. Young Yousseuf received a sound English education. From the Villa Ambrosia College, Malta, he was recommended, in 1877, by Lord Derby for the Irish Constabulary, to which he was attached until 1879, when he passed his examination, and was reported by the Inspector-General to the Turkish Ambassador as perfectly fitted to undertake his duties. He returned to Constantinople with high certificates, was attached to the Imperial Ottoman Gendarmerie, with the rank of lieutenant, and appointed A.D.C. to Colonel Blunt, Inspector of that force at Adrianople. Subsequently he accompanied Baker Pasha, in the same capacity, to Asia Minor, and on that officer proceeding to Egypt, was appointed to the new Egyptian Gendarmerie. Young Yousseuf, whose intelligent services had gained him rapid promotion, entreated to join the Suakim Expedition, and among the heroes who met a glorious death in the terrible massacre near Tokar, none were more beloved or regretted. To quote General Baker's letter: "He was killed, and he died a brave and gallant soldier. If the Egyptian troops could only have had some of his courage how different it would all have been."

Few English of distinction have been to Constantinople without experiencing the amenities of Colonel Tahir Bey, the poor father who has lost a son of great promise on the threshold of youth. During the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Turkey Colonel Tahir Bey was attached to the Prince's Staff.—Our portrait is from a photograph by D. Michailides, Adrianople.

#### COMMANDER E. N. ROLFE, R.N.

THIS brave officer has performed one of the most gallant deeds of the campaign. During the night of Wednesday week—the eve of the Battle of Tamasi—Commander Rolfe went out by himself to reconnoitre. "It was a daring action," writes the correspondent of the *Standard*, "as no one could say where the enemy might be lurking among the bushes. He first made his way to the spot where our shell had burst, and found three natives lying dead—a proof of the accuracy of our gunner's aim. He then went on until close to the enemy's watch fires, and found the Arab pickets asleep around them. At nine o'clock he returned to the camp." Commander Ernest N. Rolfe has had charge of the Naval Brigade during the present campaign, and is commander in the *Euryalus*, the flagship of Admiral Hewett, in which he served during the last Egyptian war. When a lieutenant he served in the Naval Brigade in the Ashantee War, in 1874, and was Naval Aide-de-Camp to Sir Garnet Wolseley at the Battle of Amoaful. In 1876 he took part in the operations up the Niger.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. E. Brunton, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

#### THE CREMATORIUM AT ROME

IN the case of the Pontypridd Druid, Dr. Price, a judicial decision has been given to the effect that the practice of cremation is not illegal, provided it is so performed as not to be a nuisance.

This decision has without doubt given a fresh impetus to public interest in the subject. However much we may dislike the idea of cremation, even if we go so far as to imagine that it is un-Christian, the insurmountable fact remains that amid the crowded populations of Western Europe the cities of the dead are rapidly encroaching on those of the living. Death is so much more rapid than decay, that it is possible to foresee a time when, unless we alter our system of disposing of the dead, the environs of our great towns will become huge graveyards.

That cremation will render murder by poisoning less easy of detection is possible, though the recent horrifying disclosures at Liverpool showed that under the burial system such crimes may be committed with prolonged impunity. If cremation should ever become general, it will be advisable that death-certificates should be granted with less laxity than is now the case, and also that in cases where any doubt or suspicion exists, an official order for a post-mortem examination should be easily obtainable.

Sir Spencer Wells, the well-known surgeon, in sending us this drawing of the Crematorium at Rome, says: "Many of the readers of *The Graphic* would probably be interested in seeing as well as reading about the building, and it might afford a useful hint to our Cemetery Companies. In time they must all be driven to erect something of the kind—giving people the choice of cremation or burial."

The drawing represents a Crematorium which has been erected in the chief cemetery of Rome, adjoining the Church of San Lorenzo, where the last Pope is buried. Forty bodies have been burnt there during the last four months; and the prejudice which was at first felt against this mode of disposing of the dead is gradually lessening. The building resembles a small cottage. There is no high chimney, and the furnace is a very simple oven of fire-brick. The fuel used is wood only, and, at the cost of six francs, an adult body is burnt in about two hours. No visible smoke and nothing offensive escapes from the chimney, as the products of combustion pass into and are consumed in a small coke fire at the lower part of the chimney, just as in the more perfect apparatus built for the Cremation Society of England.

Dr. Price, the Pontypridd Druid, who on Friday, March 21st, succeeded in cremating the dead body of his deceased infant, purposes the erection of a public Crematorium in the neighbourhood. He states that the cost of cremation only amounts to eight shillings, the articles used for the purpose being coal, wood, and paraffin oil.

#### THE NICE EXHIBITION

THE good people of Nice this year have striven to add to the natural attractions of their ever-popular town by holding an International Exhibition. On the slopes of St. Etienne, commanding a magnificent view, they erected a graceful building much after the style of the Trocadero Palace at Paris, and invited the various nationalities of Europe to exhibit their wares and productions. The exhibits were divided into eight classes, which may be briefly summed up as Educational, Hygienical, Agricultural, Horticultural, Manufacturing, Industrial and Decorative Art, Public Works, and Fine Arts. France, of course, is the largest exhibitor, and next very naturally comes Italy—the display of jewellery being especially good. Various pavilions are scattered about the grounds—one of the chief attractions of which, however, is the magnificent terrace which overlooks the town. The Exhibition, which through a number of circumstances has scarcely had the success which its promoters certainly deserved, was inaugurated early in January, and will shortly close, as the Nice season ends with the wintry months.

#### THE CARNIVAL AT LUCERNE

THE carnival procession, which was held on February 21st, consisted of an allegorical representation of the St. Gothard, and the persons and animals who have traversed the Pass in all ages. St. Gothard himself paid Lucerne a personal visit on the occasion: beneath his throne were mine-gnomes, and behind him a representation of the Devil's Bridge. Next came Roman legions, on horseback and on foot, followed by the Swiss hero, Frischhaus Theiling, represented by Herr Spillman, returning from the battle of Giornico. The costumes which are represented in our engraving are historically accurate in every particular; the arms are some of those really used in the battle, and were borrowed from the Lucerne Museum for the purposes of the Carnival. Next came representations of Suwarrow and his Cossacks, who swarmed over the St. Gothard towards the close of the last century. Some representations of the old St. Gothard post, now abolished by the railway, caused much amusement, especially the driver of the first car, whose mask represented the features of a character well known to foreign tourists, namely, Alois Z'graggen, who was a driver over the Pass for thirty years. Migratory birds followed, including swallows with their nest under the towers of an old castle. Allegorical figures of Winter and his attributes were followed by the burst of Spring in the shape of the Föhn, the hot wind from Italy and the African deserts; this wind is the sirocco of Italy, and gives much household and other trouble, when it occasionally descends to the north of the Alps. It was fitly represented as a dragon. Then came butterflies, flowers, birds' eggs, and a lake-boat bringing early vegetables to Lucerne from Weggis, and "manned" by "Lake Amazons." Lastly came burlesques of tourists and workmen of all nations whose pleasure or business induces them to cross the St. Gothard. The extraordinary, and not altogether inaccurate, dresses of the English tourists, of whom many were burlesqued in the Carnival, proves that the Lucerners have carefully taken stock of some of the peculiarities of their autumn visitors.

Carnivals have been the order of the day all over Switzerland of late; they are probably the survival of the old Roman Saturnalia given in honour of Saturn. Even little towns have their burlesques at this season. At Sursee, on February 25th, for instance, a woman with a broom drove the devil all round the town, and, fierce and big as he was, he displayed the well-known terror of the devil when pursued by the righteous.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. H. Harrison, Hotel du Lac, Lucerne.

#### HALL OF RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS

See page 314.

#### "PAST AND PRESENT"

LOVE-MAKING in a churchyard may appear at first sight somewhat incongruous; but, on the other hand, tender sentiments may be aroused and heightened by the knowledge that in this sacred enclosure the mortal remains of one or both of the parties to this amatory suit may be reposing. However this may be, the artist evidently intends to enforce the old moral that Life and Death are perpetually intermingled, and that the funeral train and the wedding procession are wont, in a world of alternate tragedy and comedy, to cross each other's path.

#### "DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 309.



"A NEW CANVAS"

A CRITICAL moment is here depicted. The artist has had his new canvas duly stretched and fixed in position; he has rummaged over all his sketch books, and now after all he cannot quite make up his mind what to begin with. At least, this is our view of the subject, but, perhaps, the artist has quite made up his mind as to what he is going to paint, but cannot decide exactly how to begin.

"A DISTASTE FOR THE FINE ARTS"

SOME time ago we published an engraving entitled "A Taste for the Fine Arts," in which a cow was depicted in the act of licking off the paint which had been freshly laid on an artist's canvas. Here is a companion picture, representing an incident of a more terrifying character. For some reason unknown (perhaps his necktie or his umbrella was scarlet) an artist has incurred the ill will of a young bull. The angry quadruped has smashed his easel, and is apparently about to "sky" his picture, by jerking it from the horn on which it is impaled in the direction of the heavens.

"A SUBJECT FOR MEDITATION"

THIS title, which by the way would have been equally suitable for the artist sitting before an untouched canvas, introduces us to a pathetic incident. Poor Bunny has been caught in a snare, and his friend is anxiously striving to discover why he is held a prisoner. We should be glad if this picture were to inculcate a lesson in humanity to those persons who set snares and gins for so-called "vermin." Some of these engines are horrible leg-lacerating and limb-breaking contrivances which ought to be forbidden, but even where the traps inflict no bodily injury on the captive, they cause much misery because they are often from sheer carelessness and want of consideration unvisited for hours, even for days. Think of the pangs of terror, added sometimes to the tortures of starvation, which poor creatures, whose only crime is that they follow their natural instinct, endure under such circumstances? Nature, mysterious as are some of her arrangements, is far less cruel. The mouse under the talons of the cat is mercifully mesmerised into a condition of comparative insensibility.



THE SEVERITY OF THE PREMIER'S COUGH has abated, though the north-easterly winds have been adverse to the recovery of his voice, and have at the same time prevented him from taking carriage exercise. It is hoped that he will be able to return to the House of Commons early next week. Meanwhile he is not allowed to attend to any official business which is not of an urgent character.

PRESIDING at the first meeting of the General Committee of the International Fisheries Exhibition, the report presented to which showed a surplus of 15,243/., the Prince of Wales, in an interesting speech, proposed that of this sum 10,000/., should be appropriated to alleviate the distress of the widows and orphans of sea-fishermen; 3,000/., to the endowment of a Society resembling in character the Royal Agricultural Society, and which might be called the Royal Fisheries Society; the remaining 2,000/., odd to be kept in reserve. These proposals were carried unanimously.

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEMBERS of the House of Commons have subscribed for the portrait to be presented to Lord Hampden, who on Friday visited the House for the first time since his resignation of the Speakership.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND HUNTINGDON ELECTIONS last week resulted in the return of the Conservative candidates, Mr. Thornhill and Sir Robert Peel.

LAST WEEK THE MARQUIS OF LORNE addressed an audience of working people in the Whitechapel Road on the opening presented to emigrants in the Canadian Dominion, especially in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD succeeds the late Earl of Sandwich in the Lord Lieutenancy of Huntingdonshire.

PRESIDING ON TUESDAY at the inaugural banquet of the City Conservative Club, Lord Cranbrook, referring to the Franchise Bill as vitiated by the absence of a Redistribution Bill, said that the time might come when it would be necessary for the House of Lords to confront the danger of appealing to the people from a House of Commons which was discredited and decaying, as was shown by the elections for Brighton and Cambridgeshire. When the time came the House of Lords would not shrink from doing its duty. Lord Randolph Churchill denounced the present House of Commons as a miserable failure, representing the country as impatient for its dissolution, and pronounced by anticipation a glowing eulogium on the character and career of its successor.

NOT ONLY THE EX-SPEAKER, but, according to a recent genealogical statement, Lord Randolph Churchill is, with the rest of his family, descended from the seventeenth-century patriot, John Hampden.

THE CONSERVATIVES OF BIRMINGHAM having been invited to attend a town's meeting to consider the Representation of the People Bill, the Chairman of the Association replied that they did not intend to propose any amendment to the resolution in favour of the measure, as they had no objection to a fair assimilation of the country and borough franchise, though they strongly objected to the present Franchise Bill, unaccompanied as it is by an equitable scheme of Redistribution. At the meeting resolutions in favour of the Bill were passed unanimously.

ON WEDNESDAY LORD SHAFTESBURY presided over a meeting in Exeter Hall to protest against over-pressure in elementary schools. Among the speakers was Dr. Forbes Winslow, who ascribed to this over-pressure several painful diseases prevalent among children.

A CORRESPONDENCE, respecting the Merchant Shipping Bill, between Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Donald Currie, was published on Wednesday. Sir Donald Currie suggested a conference between the President of the Board of Trade on the one hand, and a few members of Parliament possessing shipping knowledge, representative shipowners and underwriters on the other, to discuss the provisions of the measure. If the conference had satisfactory results, the reasons for referring the Bill to a Select Committee would, Sir Donald Currie thought, lose much of their force. In his reply Mr. Chamberlain expresses his willingness to take part in such a conference with a view to the adoption of such amendments which would safeguard the interests of the shipowners without detriment to the chief object of the Bill, the preservation of life at sea.

PRESIDING ON WEDNESDAY at the Sessional Dinner of the Constitutional Club, Mr. W. H. Smith spoke on the subject of London Municipal Reform, protesting strongly against the creation of one monster municipality, and sketching a plan of moderate municipal reform, based upon the principle of local autonomy which he thought would be acceptable to men of all parties.

AT A MEETING OF THE MANSION HOUSE COUNCIL on the Dwellings of the Poor, presided over by the Lord Mayor, the adoption of the report presented was moved by Lord Salisbury and seconded by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Salisbury said that the merit of the scheme undertaken by the Council was that they did not ask for a large amount of money, but sought for the

services of persons willing to render assistance after the method associated with the name of Miss Octavia Hill. He inculcated caution in prosecuting the work, so that the poor should not be harassed by too many visitors, and that over-haste in sanitary improvements should not increase overcrowding by turning into the street numbers of people who would seek to pack themselves into the rooms in their immediate neighbourhood. The Archbishop of Canterbury echoed Lord Salisbury's warning against dislodging people until better homes had been provided for them, and remarked that not merely the homes, but those who lived in them, required improvement, which could only be effected quietly, and through a conviction on the part of the poor that the workers took a real interest in them.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER presided, and the Princess Louise was present, at a meeting of the Kyrle Society at Grosvenor House on Monday, when a paper on the objects of the Society was read by its Treasurer, Miss Octavia Hill, who laid stress on the efficacy of colour in brightening the existence of the poor, and who gave an account of what during the year had been and what still remained to be done for the conversion of disused burial grounds into public gardens and recreation grounds. Adverting to what had been termed her plan of managing houses for the poor, she said that she really had no plan, and that, as in the case of a young wife's housekeeping, success depended on individual aptitude for the work undertaken.

SIR ARTHUR BORTON is to be succeeded in the Governorship of Malta by General Sir John Lintorn Simmons.

LECTURING UNDER the presidency of General Sir Lintorn Simmons at the Royal United Service Institution on deficiencies in our home defences, Colonel Sir C. H. Nugent pointed attention to the fact that the French are spending five and a half millions sterling on eight harbours in a space of 250 miles on the opposite coast. He maintained that our present military resources would not suffice to place eight army corps on a war footing, and that the men required should be obtained by an expansion of the militia.

ON THE PART OF LORD GRANVILLE, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has addressed to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce a somewhat elaborate communication in reply to their condemnation of the Congo Treaty with Portugal.—The Committee of the Manchester Cotton Spinners' Association has expressed a conditional approval of the Treaty.

ON HIS RETURN FROM AMERICA, Mr. Matthew Arnold has delivered at the Royal Institution a lecture on Emerson, apparently much resembling that on the same subject which he gave in the States. Emerson's relation to us, Mr. Arnold said, was like that of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who was neither a great writer, poet, nor philosopher, but the friend of those who live in the spirit.

A NUMBER OF DETECTIVES have, it is said, been summoned from the South of Ireland to London to watch the movements in the metropolis of suspected dynamite conspirators.

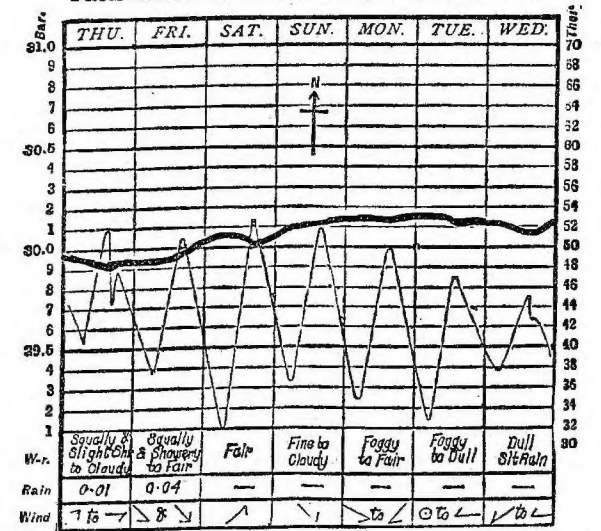
AN IRISH LAND PURCHASE AND SETTLEMENT COMPANY is being formed, of which the Chairman is Mr. Parnell, and the Vice-Chairman Sir Baldwin Leighton, one of the Conservative members for South Shropshire, and well-known as a social economist. It proposes to avail itself of the provisions of the Irish Tramways Act of last Session for the relief of the congestion of population and in aid of the conversion of occupiers into owners.

THE MEMBERS OF THE KILDARE HUNT CLUB, at a meeting presided over by the Marquis of Drogheda, decided to hold the Punchestown Races as usual this year, being of opinion that the recent poisoning of hounds was generally disapproved of by the Kildare farmers, who, it is said, have issued circulars strongly protesting against that cowardly outrage.

THE CHARITABLE BEQUESTS of the late Baroness de Rothschild, mostly, but not exclusively, to Jewish institutions, amount to 99,000/.

TO THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK belongs the death of Dr. Allen Thomson, the distinguished embryologist, from 1848 to 1877 Professor of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow, and in the last-named year President of the British Association, at the age of seventy-five; of Mr. Samuel Bowley, of Gloucester, a member of the Society of Friends, and well known for his championship of anti-slavery and temperance, the day after the celebration of his eighty-second birthday; and of the Rev. Edmund Hollond, of Benhal Lodge, Suffolk, a zealous and influential member of the Evangelical party in the Church of England.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK  
FROM MARCH 20 TO MARCH 26, 1884 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Rather fine, though cool, weather has prevailed at most places during the past week, but frequent showers have occurred in Ireland. At the opening of the period a depression was passing in an east-north-easterly direction across our most northern districts, and occasioned a brisk fall in the barometer, particularly in the north, and southerly to westerly gales of some severity at our western and northern stations. Temperature fell generally, while rain occurred nearly everywhere. As this disturbance passed away eastward the barometer rose quickly, the wind veered to the north-westward, tempests fell still more, and fine weather, with occasional cold showers, prevailed generally. From Saturday (22nd inst.) to Monday (24th inst.) pressure continued to increase, and an early and the whole of the United Kingdom and the greater part until it embraced westerly to light north-westerly winds and calms prevailed over England, while strong to light southerly winds were experienced over Ireland and the west of Scotland. The weather was fine over Great Britain, but dull and rainy in the west. At the close of the week pressure distributed, but became favourable for easterly winds over the greater part of the country, but became favourable for easterly winds at nearly all our stations. The barometer and cloudy or overcast skies existed at nearly all our stations. The barometer was highest (30.18 inches) on Tuesday (24th inst.); lowest (29.93 inches) on Thursday (26th inst.); range, 0.25 inch. Temperature was highest (53°) on Saturday (22nd inst.); lowest (32°) on Saturday (22nd inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.05 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.04 inches, on Friday (21st inst.).



THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION will be opened by the President, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on Thursday, the 8th of May, at 3 P.M.

THE BI-CENTENARY OF WATTEAU is to be kept this year at Valenciennes, the painter's birthplace; and the town authorities are busy squabbling over the site for a suitable monument. The late sculptor, Carpeaux, left a statue of Watteau to the town, which will now be erected.

DECORATING BALD HEADS is the latest freak of fashion across the Atlantic. At a recent New York party three bald gentlemen, appeared with elaborate pictures painted on their bare scalps, one choosing a copy of Meissonnier, another a battle piece, and the third a group of fish.

THE RUSSIAN FOR "MR."—Referring to a note in our last number on the title of "Esquire," Mr. A. Lubimoff writes:—"The Russian for 'Mr.' is *Gospodin*; for 'Mrs.' *Gospoja*. These prefixes are used in written addresses with surnames. In conversation it is customary and quite correct to call a man by his Christian name and that of his father added: an inferior may do this to his superior without taking a liberty. But such an address as 'Ivan Ivanovitch' would be unintelligible on an envelope."—Naturally, Mr. Lubimoff misunderstood the meaning of our word "address;" we used it in the sense of appellation, not as synonymous with "directing" an envelope.

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF "LIBERTY ILLUMINATING THE WORLD," to be given by France to America, has been standing complete in Paris for some time, and is visited by numbers anxious to clamber up the interior and take a bird's-eye view of the city through the stars of the diadem crowning Liberty's head. Now the statue will shortly be taken to pieces again and sent off in May to its home, where ungrateful Americans have not yet got together funds enough for its pedestal. Accordingly various loan Art collections have been organised in New York for this object, and Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt has thrown open his picture gallery, at a small charge, with the same view.

THE STATUE OF GAMBETTA to be erected as a national memorial at the French statesman's birth-place, Cahors, is just finished, and will be inaugurated with great solemnity on April 14th. It represents Gambetta standing with his right hand resting on a map placed on a cannon, while his left points towards the enemy. He wears the fur-lined coat in which he escaped from Paris by balloon, and the figure is said to be a good likeness and eminently life-like. The pedestal will be in the shape of a fort, and bearing bas-reliefs of military subjects—a wounded Infantryman, a Marine charging at full bayonet—and the French flag will be flung carelessly at Gambetta's feet.

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IS TO BE BUILT IN PARIS by a rich Englishwoman—so says the *Paris Temps*. This English dame has become a violent admirer of the Buddhist creed, so intends to devote her fortune to the propagation of the faith, and has ordered a colossal bronze image of the God to adorn the temple. Not that this will be the first edifice of the kind in Paris. During the 1867 Exhibition a small building was arranged at the request of various Hindoos who had come to Paris for business purposes, much against the will of Marshal MacMahon, then President, who long hesitated to give his consent to the encouragement of idolatry. The image of Buddha erected in this temple is now in the Marine Museum at the Louvre.

A "SHAKESPERIAN SHOW" will take place at the Albert Hall on May 29, 30, 31, in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, for whose benefit the famous "Old English Fayre" was held three years ago. Seventeen Shakesperian plays will be illustrated by the stalls, the scenic effects being carefully reproduced, and the characters taken by the lady saleswomen in proper costume. Thus one stall will represent the Cauldron scene in *Macbeth*, with the Witches, another *Romeo and Juliet*, &c. Shakesperian tableaux and concerts, and an exhibition of Shakesperian relics—for which contributions are asked—will be given, and the programme of the Show will be arranged as a "Shakespeare Song Book," with contributions from Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and numerous well known authors and artists.

THE SECLUSION OF INDIAN WOMEN was considered to have been considerably affected by the late Calcutta Exhibition, which opened the eyes of many native ladies to wonders and beauties of the world of which they had never before heard. Over 50,000 women passed through the Ladies' Court and closely inspected the various articles, showing the utmost interest and astonishment, and their visits have started new ideas in the zenanas, and suggestions that Eastern women might with advantage enjoy a little of the liberty possessed by their Western sisters. Certainly more freedom is now allowed to some native ladies in Madras, as at a recent archery meeting a native princess competed with the European ladies, and made a very creditable score. To return, however, to the Exhibition, the old Calcutta Indian Museum is to be enlarged in memory of the late great show, new wings being constructed to accommodate ethnological, economic, and Fine Art sections.

THE LONDON ART-SALE SEASON has fairly begun, and a number of valuable modern paintings were sold on Saturday, the property of the late Manchester merchant, Mr. Crompton Potter. One noticeable feature was the sale of no fewer than eleven works by Mr. Briton Riviere—a far larger number of pictures by a living painter than is generally sold at one time, and which brought the unprecedented total amount of 10,091/., nearly an average of 1,000/., apiece. Mr. Riviere's "Daniel in the Lions' Den" realised 2,625/., this being the fourth time it has changed hands, each time at an increased price. The highest sum was fetched by David Cox's "Church at Bettws-y-Coed,"—2,677/., 10s.—which sold for considerably less seven years ago. On the other hand, the same artist's "Skirts of a Wood" has decreased in favour, bringing this season 1,417/., against 2,315/., at the Gillott sale of 1872. There were several other Coxes, besides pictures by Etty, Millais, Hook, Sir F. Leighton, &c.

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,588 deaths were registered, against 1,660 during the previous seven days, a fall of 72, being 279 below the average, and at the rate of 20.6 per 1,000. These deaths included 3 from small-pox (a decline of 8), 49 from measles (a fall of 12), 26 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 1), 13 from diphtheria (a fall of 1), 101 from whooping-cough (a decline of 16), 11 from enteric fever (a decrease of 4), 1 from ill-defined forms of fever, 20 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 8), 1 from simple cholera, and 373 from diseases of the respiratory organs, being 146 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 60 deaths; 55 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, one of a medical dispenser from "inhaling chloroform to procure sleep," and 15 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,665 births registered, against 2,761 during the previous week, being 127 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 48.6 deg., and 5.2 deg. above the average.





The Soudanese did not bolt, but struck at the troopers as they rode through them, wounding several soldiers. Back the gallant Hussars came at them again, and still the enemy struck blow for blow. The most serious opposition came from the spearmen, who, lying down as the cavalry galloped on, started up, and attempted to hamstring the horses. Lieut.-Colonel Barrow, leading the charge, received a spear wound through the arm, but rode on until his horse fell.

# THE SOUDAN—THE 19<sup>TH</sup> HUSSARS CHARGING THE ENEMY AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF TEB, FEBRUARY 29

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS





ANOTHER advance forward has been made in the SOUDAN by General Graham, with the object, if possible, of completely crushing Osman Digma, who, apparently undismayed by our victories at Teb and Tamasi, rallied his remaining followers at Tamanié, whence it was thought advisable to dislodge him. During the last or the beginning of this week reconnaissances westward were made from the zariba at Handouk to Otao and Tambouk, to ascertain how far the road was open, and the disposition of the natives. The Sheikh Morghani also went to Handouk to treat with any friendly tribes which might come in. Sheikh Mahomet Ali, moreover, is with General Stewart, and now that we appear to be the winning side is most friendly and lavish in his advice. The natives were found friendly, and to be pursuing their normal avocations, while from the reports of spies and fugitives it was gleaned that Osman Digma had been deserted by the majority of his allies, but that he still retained a force variously estimated at from 700 to 2,000 men, and that he was determined to fight to the last. With regard to the road to Berber, a caravan of some forty alleged pilgrims (some say a convoy of slaves) have arrived at Suakim, and state that they had been unmolested, and it was thought that if Osman Digma could be finally reduced to submission or flight the Sheikhs would come to terms, and the road would be made practically safe.

Accordingly, on Sunday a new zariba was formed midway between Tamasi and Handouk, about ten miles to the westward of Suakim, and about the same distance from Tamanié, where Osman Digma was encamped. Thither were marched the Gordon Highlanders, the 19th Hussars, the mounted infantry, and some of the Irish Fusiliers, and next day further reinforcements were sent, the cavalry being transferred to another zariba seven miles further on. The advance in force from Suakim was begun on Tuesday, the only artillery taken being a mule and camel battery. The Naval Brigade was left behind, as the ground, being rough and broken, rendered it exceedingly difficult for the machine guns to be drawn by hand. During the march the men suffered terribly from the intense heat, particularly the 65th regiment, enfeebled by thirteen years' service in India. Nearly 400 men fell out of the ranks, and had it not been for the quantity of ice carried many would have succumbed. As it was, all but four were ready to resume duty next day. The troops bivouacked during the night in an oblong square, sleeping in their accoutrements. On Wednesday morning a reconnaissance in force of the mounted infantry and cavalry started under General Stewart. After nine miles the foot of the hilly ridge was reached, and here the ground became terribly broken and hazardous for horsemen. Various rocky heights were ascended by the scouts, and ultimately some of the enemy were perceived. Native scouts were sent forward to assure them that they had nothing to fear, but they were received with a volley. A detachment under Captain Humphreys then mounted some steep rocks, and, getting a good view of the enemy, fired upon them, and compelled them to retreat. Our troops then steadily retired to the main body, and found that in the meanwhile General Buller, with a portion of the infantry, had moved forward from the zariba to a new camping ground. There the whole force ultimately bivouacked on Wednesday night in readiness for the advance on Thursday morning, when the Arabs' main position, which had been clearly seen on Wednesday, was to be attacked.

At Suakim there has been some insubordination amongst the Abyssinian troops, who have served the army as scouts during the last two engagements. It appears that these Abyssinians were originally outlaws and robbers, and had been taken by Baker Pasha from Massowah, so that they might be prevented from committing further robberies. During the past few days they have been entering the houses of the Suakinese, and insulting the women, under the plea that they are Abyssinians in slavery. Admiral Hewett telegraphs that they shot one woman, and were a danger to everybody with their side-arms. He accordingly ordered them to give up their weapons, and told them that they would have to go to Cairo as witnesses in the trial of their chief Debbub, who is accused of robbing caravans and of murder. The Abyssinian incident apart, however, the various correspondents tell us that there is a general impression with the natives that the British never tolerate slavery in any form wherever they possess the slightest authority. Indeed, that opinion has been very general amongst the slaves, many of whom have escaped, and claimed British protection, only, however, to be ultimately handed over to their owners. Much surprise was naturally expressed at this, as the natives, untutored in the tortuous ways of treaties and diplomacy, cannot understand why we should prohibit slave catching, and, moreover, capture all slave dhows, and free their inmates, and yet protect slavery on land, especially as the rich Suakinese live by farming out their slaves, both male and female, and, like the Italian padrones, ill-treat them if they do not produce a stipulated sum every day. Admiral Hewett is shortly expected to go to Abyssinia on a diplomatic mission.

At Cairo great anxiety is felt regarding General Gordon and Khartoum. The latest news received thence is dated the 15th inst., and is from the *Times* correspondent. It reports that General Gordon, after one ineffectual attempt, had succeeded in rescuing a beleaguered garrison and 500 men at Halfiyeh by means of an expedition of 1,200 men, who proceeded down the river in three steamers defended with boiler plates, and armed with mountain guns protected by wooden mantlets. The troops were concealed in the holds and in three iron barges, in order to protect them from the entrenched Arab marksmen on the banks, who, owing to the lowness of the Nile, commanded the river. The troops succeeded in their task, with the loss of only two men, the siege being raised, and seventy camels, eighteen horses, and a quantity of arms and cattle being captured. Great rejoicings were held at Khartoum on the return of the expedition, but the most significant point is that both the rescuing party and the men who held Halfiyeh were Chaggias, who a short time since were avowed rebels. To-morrow, the telegram concludes, "He (General Gordon) will attack the Arab army, which is drawn up opposite to our windows." From the stoppage of the communication between Khartoum and Berber it is manifest that the former is now surrounded by rebels, and, despite the assurance that there is no danger of Khartoum falling, it is manifest that General Gordon, popular as he may be, is in a perilous situation. To turn to Cairo itself, the internal reforms are not wholly being neglected, Mr. Clifford Lloyd is clearing the prisons, and has released a number of their inmates, many of whom had been in durance vile for years awaiting trial for some petty offence. Still the disinclination of the Home Government wholly to assume the responsibility of government in Egypt is causing much dissatisfaction, and even Nubar Pasha, strong British partisan as he is, is stated to be becoming greatly disheartened.

In FRANCE Madagascar has been the topic of the week, and on Monday a debate on the subject opened in the Chamber. There is a strong movement in favour of a Protectorate over the whole island, supported by both Republicans and Clericals—the latter for the sake of the missionaries, who are alarmed at the inroads

Protestantism is making amongst the natives, and the former from jealousy of England and her influence. One speaker—M. de Mun, a well-known Clerical—declared that the British had no rights over the island, but only a commercial treaty, and that "Independent Methodism" had deprived French residents of religious liberty. The Shaw affair, he declared, made "all France thrill when the payment of an indemnity was sought to be imposed upon her national pride." The subject was to be resumed on Thursday, and in the mean time there is a general feeling that French authority should be once for all established, at least on the West Coast of the island, and that the intermittent warfare now existing with the Hovas should be brought to a close by strong measures. From Tonkin there is little news of importance. General Brière de l'Isle has pushed forward from Bacninh, and has occupied Thai Nguyen after some fighting, but no further advance to Lang Son or Tuyen Quang has yet been made. As for the definitive settlement of the question, it appears probable that the Ferry Government will demand an indemnity from China (said to amount to 6,000,000*l.*) for the part her troops have taken in the campaign, and that the places occupied will of course be retained.

Turning to home affairs, the chief item has been the death of the well-known historian, M. Mignet, a close friend of M. Thiers, with whom he was on terms of daily intimacy. He was the senior member of the Academy, and died on Monday at eighty-seven years of age. His greatest work is "The History of the French Revolution from 1789 to the year before Waterloo." There is an amusing story of M. Mignet being closeted every morning with M. Thiers during the latter part of the veteran statesman's life—both apparently being engaged in some important work. Entering suddenly one day into the study, of which the door, contrary to custom, had not been locked, Madame Thiers found them discussing—not history or politics, but a dish of *bouillabaisse*, of which M. Thiers, like a true Marseillais, was inordinately fond, but which he had rigidly been forbidden by his doctor. M. Mignet, it transpired, was wont to smuggle a tin of this delicacy into his friend's study.—On Wednesday a proposal was made in the Chamber to abolish the title of Marshal. This was vigorously opposed by the Minister of War, and a compromise was effected by which the title should only be bestowed during a war or within two months afterwards.

In PARIS there has been a Radical meeting to discuss the miners' strikes, which are still agitating the country. M. Rochefort, who has been visiting the affected districts, is of opinion that they are due to the intrigues of the Orleanists, who wish to disgust the miners with the Republic, and accordingly foment the strikes.—There has been one dramatic novelty, *Babolin*, a highly-successful opera comique, at the Nouveautés, of which the music is by M. Louis Varney, and the words by MM. Paul Ferrier and Jules Prével. A new Industrial Museum, after the pattern of that at South Kensington, is to be organised. The Government has granted the site—where the ruins of the Cour des Comptes now are—and the company which has been formed for the collection of funds undertakes to create the Museum, and hand it over to the State in thirty years.

In GERMANY the Anti-Socialist Law is exciting considerable controversy in the Reichstag. The Ministry are naturally most anxious that it should be prolonged, and the Emperor has declared privately that he looked upon it as a personal matter, and necessary for his protection. "It is forgotten," he said, "that I had to bleed for the law." The feeling in the Reichstag, however, is very much against the Bill, which has been temporarily shelved by being referred to a Select Committee. The debate, as usual, has been heated, one Deputy, Herr Bebel, declaring that the law would remain "a monument of eternal shame to its author." On Saturday the Emperor's eighty-seventh birthday was celebrated at Berlin with both official and popular rejoicings. The Emperor held his usual *levee* of his family—now extending to four generations, his little great-grandchild, Prince William, bringing him a bouquet—and of the various Princes now in Berlin, including the King of Saxony.—The foundation-stone of the new Imperial Parliament House is to be laid in May.—In consequence of the spread of trichinosis, a police warning against the eating of raw pig meat has been issued. At the same time, it is pointed out that only by perfectly cooking joints of pork, and all articles made with pork, can the destruction of trichinæ be ensured.—Mr. Sargent, the United States Minister with whom Prince Bismarck has been at open war for some months, has been transferred to St. Petersburg.

The excitement caused by the discovery of the recent military conspiracy in SPAIN has not yet wholly subsided; but the chief interest is now felt in the coming elections to the Cortes. This has been heightened by the recent speech of Señor Sagasta, who, on Monday, was presented with an album "in proof of our adhesion and regard" from 311 Deputies and Senators of all shades of the Liberal Monarchical party. In reply, Señor Sagasta stigmatised as "persecution, without example in the history of Spain or of any other nation, the treatment which the Liberals were undergoing in the present electoral campaign." He advised all loyal Liberals to fight in the coming electoral struggle, even against hope, undertook that all fines illegally imposed by the present Government should be repaid hereafter, declared that the Cortes still unborn were already dishonoured, and concluded by remarking that "even Ministers of the Crown could no longer be considered out of the reach of the laws." This speech is considered as a manifesto of the Liberal party, and may be expected to have much effect upon the elections. An important legal decision has been given at Madrid—a Spanish banking firm having been nonsuited in an action against a Bourse speculator who had incurred loss in "time" speculations. The Supreme Tribunal declared that such bargains were "null and void, opposed to the laws and public morality, and merely gambling transactions, to which the civil law can give no force." Such a decision in England would be a public benefit.

There has been another Ministerial crisis in ITALY, owing to the manifest dissatisfaction of the majority with certain members of the Cabinet—notably the Minister of Public Instruction. After holding council with various political chiefs, the King again asked the Premier, Signor Depretis, to form a new Cabinet—a task which he ultimately accepted. There has been much stirring in Vatican circles, and the question of the expediency of the Pope leaving Rome has been discussed by the Congregation of Cardinals, who examined the matter from various points of view—it being suggested that the next Conclave should be held out of Italy. It has since been declared by the Vatican official organ that the Pope has no intention of leaving the Eternal City. On Monday Leo XIII. held a secret Consistory, at which he pronounced an allocution, created two Cardinals of the order of Priest—Mgr. Joseph Sebastian Neto, Patriarch of Lisbon, Mgr. Guglielmo San Felice, Archbishop of Naples, and preconised various Archbishops and Bishops.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear that there is very strong opposition to the Congo Treaty both in PORTUGAL and HOLLAND.—In NORWAY the Rigsgret continues to deprive various Ministers of State of their posts. It is significant, however, that the King has asked the Swedish Ministry how the Norwegian conflict would affect the Union. The reply of the Cabinet declared that "the terms of the Union provided that no change should be made without the King's sanction in the fundamental laws of either kingdom, and that the army in Sweden as well as in Norway was placed under the King's command."—In AUSTRIA the Court has been officially celebrating Emperor William's birthday with great ceremony. Socialist discoveries continue to be made, and certain stocks stolen from Herr Eisert's office have been identified, and it is thought will

lead to the detection of the murderer.—RUSSIA is still busy in Central Asia, and the latest report is that the tribes between Merv and Afghanistan have now asked to be taken under Muscovite protection. The trade between Merv and Askabad is rapidly increasing.—The cattle disease in Kansas, a panic in the grain market, and the continued rising of the Mississippi form (according to the telegrams) the only topics in the UNITED STATES.—In INDIA the Budget appears to have given general satisfaction.



THE QUEEN paid a brief visit to town on Saturday, coming up with the Princess Beatrice to see the Duchess of Cambridge. On their return to Windsor, Her Majesty and the Princess were joined by the Duchess of Edinburgh and her young son. Next morning the Queen and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where Canon Boyd Carpenter officiated; and in the evening the Countess of Erroll, Lord Methuen, the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. and Mrs. Carrington joined the Royal party at dinner. The Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred left on Monday, when Princess Christian lunched with Her Majesty, while Captain and Mrs. Walter Campbell dined with the Queen. On Tuesday Princess Beatrice drove to Claremont to see the Duchess of Albany. On Wednesday Lieutenant W. N. Lloyd, R.H.A., arrived and presented Her Majesty with the flag taken at Tokar by the forces of General Graham.—The arrangements for the Queen's German visit are now complete. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice will leave Windsor on April 7 for Port Victoria, will spend the night on board the *Osborne* in harbour, and cross to Flushing early next day, escorted by the yacht *Enchantress*. Darmstadt will be reached on the 9th, and the Queen will stay at the Grand Duke of Hesse's New Palace until the 24th prox., when Her Majesty will return home by the same route.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters visited the Queen at Windsor at the end of last week. On Saturday the Prince went to the South Kensington Museum, where he inspected the collection of Russian reproductions recently acquired, and presided at the final meeting of the General Committee of the Fisheries' Exhibition. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine service, and early on Monday the Prince left town on a visit to Mr. H. Chaplin, at Blankney Hall, Lincoln, to be present at the Lincoln Spring Meeting. He reached the course in time for the first race, and was present again on Tuesday and Wednesday, leaving on the latter day for Croxteth Hall, to stay with the Earl of Sefton for the Liverpool Meeting. The Prince would witness the races on both Thursday and Friday, and his horse, The Scot, was entered for the Grand National.—The Prince will lay the foundation stone of the Peterborough Cathedral Tower, with full ceremonies, as Grand Master of Freemasons. Early in June he will visit the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, when he will go to Matlock to open the new Pavilion and Public Garden, and to Buxton to present new colours to the 3rd Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment (Sherwood Foresters), formerly the Chesterfield Militia.

The Duke of Edinburgh continues in the Grecian Archipelago with the Channel Squadron, and was to leave Marmora on Tuesday for Rhodes and Suda Bay, Crete. Little Prince Alfred of Edinburgh went to the morning performance of *Claudian* on Saturday.—Princess Louise and Lord Lorne dined with the Earl and Countess Percy on Saturday evening, and on Monday the Princess went to a meeting of the Kyrle Society at the Duke of Westminster's house, to hear Miss Octavia Hill's paper on the Society's work. The Princess will open the new wing of St. Mary's Hospital on May 6th, and distribute the prizes to the students.—The Duke of Albany will be unable to attend the coming commemoration of the Edinburgh University Tercentenary, as he will be in Germany at the time, to attend the Royal wedding. He is now at Nice, where he attended the Bachelor's Ball on Monday night.



INTERVIEWED in the Bishops' Room of the House of Lords by a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Archbishop Benson pronounced to be wholly inaccurate the statement of the Brompton Committee respecting the bad repute of the Southwark house property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. There was nothing worse against the tenants than that they were very poor. It was only last year that the leases fell in, and arrangements have been made for a gradual removal of the tenements, which, in the mean time, Miss Octavia Hill is to take in hand. After correcting an exaggerated impression prevalent respecting the number of public-houses on Church property south of the Thames, the Archbishop touched on Mr. Willis's motion for the removal of the Bishops from the House of Peers—a measure which, he thought, would be equally unfortunate for the Church and the people. The occasional attendance of the Bishops in the Upper House his Grace considers to be of advantage to them in their diocesan work, giving them touch with what is going on in the world, and enabling them to take larger views. On the other hand the Bishops, by being in the House of Lords, always assist in social questions, and there is no one who has greater opportunities for knowing the people and their wants than a Bishop. Moreover, the position of the Bishops gives them many opportunities of winning the ear of "Society" for the needs and wishes of the people. The question of Sunday opening of museums having been broached, the Primate said that, speaking for himself, he should not object to opening them provided it could be shown him that no extra Sunday labour would be involved.

A CONTRADICTION is given to the statement that the Bishop of Salisbury either meditates resignation of his See, or has applied for the assistance of a Suffragan Bishop.

BISHOP SMYTHIES and the members of his Mission arrived safely at Zanzibar on the 25th of February.

DR. MORAN, Bishop of Ossory, is to be the new Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney.

UPWARDS of 400 clergymen have signed a memorial in favour of an Affirmation Bill.

ON TUESDAY the Lord Mayor presided and Lord Shaftesbury spoke at a meeting in support of the Open-Air Mission, the object of which is to encourage open-air preaching, and the operations of which include the distribution of books and tracts. Lord Shaftesbury contrasted the circumstances under which the meeting was held with those which he remembered when open-air preaching was held in odium. Now open-air preachers were never molested. The system adapted itself to every circumstance, and had a great and lasting effect upon the country.



A CONFERENCE of representatives of religious bodies is to be held in London early next month on the condition of the poor of the metropolis.

ON MONDAY, a meeting in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral, held in aid of the French Protestant movement for the erection of a memorial to Admiral Coligny, was addressed by the Marquis de Jancourt, the President of the French Committee, and by M. Bersier, the eminent Protestant pastor of Paris, who in an eloquent French address sketched the career of Coligny.—On Tuesday, in the Westminster College Dining Hall, another meeting, presided over by the Dean of Westminster, was held with the same object, and was also addressed by the Marquis de Jancourt and M. Bersier, who, in concluding his sketch of Coligny, referred to the services rendered by the Huguenots in the armies of William III., in whose veins the blood of Coligny ran. A third meeting was held in the Mansion House on Wednesday, when it was stated that the English Committee had already received 400l.

LAST WEEK, a deputation of members of the City Church and Churchyards Preservation Society, introduced by Lord Devon, waited on the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and urged the necessity for taking steps to prevent the contemplated demolition of the churches of St. Olave, Jewry, St. Catherine Coleman, Fenchurch Street, and St. Thomas in the Liberty of the Rolls. The Lord Mayor promised to do what he could, though he feared it was little, to further their object.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Jewish Board of Guardians, the President, Mr. Lionel Cohen, reviewing its operations during the quarter of a century since its establishment, said that the social condition of the poor had been for years studied by the English Jews, who, so far as their own community is concerned, are abreast of the problems presented by the condition of the poor in London.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY begun on Tuesday twice-a-day services in Addison Road Station Hall, Hammersmith.

AN APPEAL is being made for subscriptions to defray the expenses of repairing the oldest Baptist chapel in London, that in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, founded in 1633, five years after the birth of John Bunyan.



A WASTED morning sitting on Tuesday, with a count-out in the evening, is coming to be one of the recognised institutions of Parliament. It happened this week almost exactly as it befell last week. A morning sitting was set apart especially for consideration of the Cattle Plague Bill; the Irish members talked the Bill out just when it seemed to be about to pass the stage in view; the House resumed at nine o'clock, and after some anxious moments of uncertainty was counted out. The repetition of this event carries on the face of it the assertion of the absolute incompetence of the House of Commons as a machine for carrying on the work of the country. Here is a Bill which both parties, Liberal and Conservative, are agreed to pass. The ordinary time at the disposal of the Government being otherwise and urgently appropriated, Tuesday morning is taken for considering the measure. After the debate has gone forward for some hours, and the stage is about to be passed (for there is no question of a division), the Irish members appear on the scene, wantonly upset the whole arrangements, and complete the waste of the day. If there were in any remote part of the kingdom some insignificant Town Council which thus wrestled with its business, and was habitually defeated, the finger of scorn would be pointed at it. Yet this kind of muddle is a matter of daily occurrence in the House of Commons, and as yet there is no prospect of setting the matter right.

The Irish members would probably have been equal to the task of talking out the Cattle Plague Bill had the whole of the morning sitting been appropriated to it. But Lord Randolph Churchill gave them valuable assistance, occupying more than half of the sitting with fresh putting of questions to the Government as to their policy in Egypt. On Monday night Sir S. Northcote had put the question, and Lord Hartington, whilst declining to answer on the spot, gave an undertaking that before the House rose for the Easter recess he would make a statement on the subject as full as possible. With this assurance the nominal Leader of the Opposition was content; but the actual Leader was not to be disposed of so easily. The third reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill was placed first on the orders of Tuesday. This is a measure which embodies Supply already voted, and discussed at every stage. To raise a fresh discussion on the third reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill is an extreme exercise of the privilege of obstruction which the Rules of the House of Commons, framed in other times, generously provide. The Conservative Leaders may or may not look on with friendly regard at proceedings which delay the accomplishment of the Ministerial programme. But this was too flagrant a case for them to associate themselves with. It is understood that private remonstrances were addressed from the Front Bench to Lord Randolph Churchill which he publicly replied to by referring to the Leaders of the party as "the blameless and respectable gentlemen who sit on the Front Bench." On his own side he found no supporters except Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, and the members of his own party. On the other side Mr. Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson repeated the parts they took in the famous Saturday sitting, which Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice says is generally known as "the Dirty Trick Debate." Lord Randolph, though he did not hesitate to plunge the House once more in debate on Egyptian affairs, stopped short of taking a division, meekly asking permission to withdraw his motion. This was not refused, and at five o'clock, three hours after it had met, business commenced.

The attempt to move the House into Committee on the Cattle Plague Bill, as has already been mentioned, failed, and at seven o'clock the sitting was suspended, the House absolutely having done no work beyond the mere formality of reading the Consolidated Fund Bill a third time. When, at nine o'clock, the sitting was resumed, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, by extraordinary personal effort, succeeded in bringing together forty members. But they melted away under the influence of his eloquence, directed on this occasion away from Madagascar. By half-past nine the House was counted out, thus completing the round of a day on which it is well the public attention should be fixed.

The great debate on the second reading of the Franchise Bill opened on Monday, and was resumed on Thursday. Although the list of speakers included the names of Lord John Manners, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Bright, the proceedings on Monday were singularly dull. The Conservative Party, after prolonged deliberation, had decided not to meet with a negative the proposal to extend the franchise. But as they do not want the Bill they submitted an amendment which, if carried, would be equally efficacious in preventing reform. The amendment invites the House to decline to consider a scheme for extending the franchise till it is completed by the submission of the scheme for the redistribution of seats. This sort of amendment, which evades the direct issue, and shows the Opposition willing to wound but afraid to strike, is of itself sufficient to account for the appearance and tone of the House. There is

really no fighting going forward, only a wearisome delivery of speeches which on the one side and on the other have a monotonous family likeness.

What might have been shown in the changed attitude of the House whilst Mr. James Lowther was speaking. Mr. Lowther, though he has been in office, and still sits on the Front Opposition Bench, is never trammelled by considerations of political expediency. He knows what he likes and dislikes, and people within sound of his voice are not long before they, too, know it. Whilst Lord John Manners was ambling round the Bill, making believe that he rather liked it, and only wanted for perfect content to see Parliamentary reform simultaneously extended in another direction, Mr. Lowther blurted out his frank and uncompromising distrust of any extension of the suffrage. "One result of this Bill," he said, "will be to annihilate the agricultural interest." Conservatives loudly cheered, and Liberals heard with pleasure a man who not only had opinions, but the courage to express them.

Mr. Bright's speech was a lamentable, even a melancholy failure. Some of his greatest oratorical triumphs have been made in connection with the question of Parliamentary Reform. After the lapse of nearly twenty years he stood again in the very place below the Gangway whence, in 1866, he had stirred up the dwellers in the Cave. When it was known that he was to speak members flocked in and resumed their places, deserted when Lord John Manners rose with evident intent of making a long speech. Mr. Bright was himself evidently much moved. As he sat waiting for his opportunity to speak his condition of nervousness was so noticeable that it might well be doubted whether he would be able to command himself. He has been known, more especially in the first two Sessions after his return to Parliamentary life, to come down to the House with intention of taking part in the debate, and after neglecting several opportunities to interpose, to go away with his notes unused and his speech undelivered. On Monday, though evidently trembling in every limb, he stood up when Lord John Manners resumed his seat, and after a few minutes gained complete command over his voice and manner. But the matter of his speech was poor, and its delivery was ungraced by any of those flashes of simple eloquence which the House has learned to look for. It was noted that he had written out a considerable portion of his speech, and openly read from his manuscript, a woeful falling-off from the ready orator of Corn Law times and of earlier Reform epochs.

It is hoped that by some means the debate may be brought to a conclusion next week. In any case the division will be taken before the House rises for the Easter recess.



ANTON DVORÁK.—Herr Dvorák has now left this country after a brief but brilliant reign as the lion of the early musical season. He carries back with him to his home in Prague a commission for a choral work of important dimensions for the Birmingham Festival next year, and a proposal which has, it is believed, not yet ripened into a definite offer, that he shall write a new opera expressly for this country.—At the Philharmonic Concert last week he conducted his Symphony in D, which has already been performed under Mr. Manns, and also under Herr Richter. He likewise conducted the second of his three "Slavonic Rhapsodies," and a new overture, written last year for the opening of the Bohemian Theatre at Prague, and entitled *Husitská*. For so national an occasion Herr Dvorák has chosen to commemorate an incident in the Hussite Wars under Ziska; and, except that it would unpleasantly recall memories of a certain terrible pianoforte piece, popular in the nursery days of the present generation, the overture might have borne the title of "The Battle of Prague." It is, indeed, obviously a battle-piece, in which a phrase from an old Hussite hymn is very happily introduced, and it is worked up to a brilliant climax, which might almost represent the fall of the Bohemian capital in 1419.—Herr Dvorák's last appearance this season was at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, when he accompanied two of his set of "Gipsy Songs," sung by Mr. Winch, a tenor from Boston, U.S.A., and he conducted two orchestral works new to England. His "Notturmo," as its title implies, is a quiet, dreamy work, remarkable for the effect the composer has gained from a limited orchestra, consisting exclusively of the strings. His "Scherzo Capriccioso," on the other hand, is practically a rhapsody, containing no less than five changes of tempo and many changes of tonality, and its restless brilliancy is effectively relieved by a *poco tranquillo* of singular beauty.—During Herr Dvorák's visit his choral and orchestral music and his songs have been heard. Circumstances have prevented the performance of any of his chamber music, but his new pianoforte trio in F minor, which has hitherto only been heard here in private, will be introduced by MM. Beringer, Joachim, and Piatti, at next Monday's Popular Concert. Herr Dvorák's operas, being written for Czechish audiences, are not at present available.

OPERATIC NEWS.—The Carl Rosa company concluded a most successful tour on Saturday, and have returned to London. Next week the stage rehearsals for the Drury Lane season will begin in good earnest, under Messrs. Randegger, Rosa, Stanford, and Augustus Harris. Mr. Harris proposes to stage-manage *Carmen* in a novel fashion, introducing special effects in the scene in the tavern, a caravan in the scene in the bandits' cave, and some highly spectacular business in the scene of the bull-fight. Madame Marie Rôze will during the brief season sustain the characters of Carmen, Mignon, Fidelio, and Colomba, and Madame Georgina Burns those of Esmeralda, Filina, &c. Mr. Maas will sing ten times.—A series of performances of French Opéra Comique is in prospect next year, under M. Mayer's direction. It is said the season will last six weeks, and that Mdlle. Van Zandt is already engaged to sing in M. Delibes' opera, *Lakmé*. It is, however, full early to inquire into details.—Mr. Gye has tentatively accepted the offer to direct the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next winter, and matters are now being negotiated by his American agent, Mr. John Lavine.—Herr Franke is fast completing his arrangements for the German opera season at Covent Garden this summer. The full prospectus, now ready, shows that Madame Pauline Lucca will not take part in the enterprise. Frau Sucher may possibly be added to the list, which includes Madame Albani, Mdlles. Malten, Boers, Schaernack, and Kalmann; Herren Gudehus (of Bayreuth fame), Stritt, Schroedter, Reichmann, Wiegand, Scheidemann, and Voeldechen—most of them names unknown to England. Liszt's *St. Elizabeth* will be performed as an oratorio at the Opera House in July, and the representations will take place on Wednesdays and Fridays from June 4th to July 11th.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Madame Schumann, on Saturday, played Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2, and, with Herr Joachim, Brahms' duet Sonata in G. The effort obviously overtaxed the strength of the distinguished pianist, and on Monday she was too ill to appear. Her performance of the "Waldstein" Sonata was therefore postponed till next Monday, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann played instead the three sketches, "The Lake," "Mill-stream," and "Fountain," dedicated by Sterndale Bennett to his friend, Mr. J. W. Davison. Herr Joachim led Schubert's

Quintet in C; and Mdlle. Friedländer, Madame Fassett, MM. Zur Mühlen and Pyatt, with Miss Agnes Zimmermann at the piano, performed the greater portion of Schumann's "Spanisches Liederspiel." This beautiful cycclus (which must not be confounded with the "Spanish Love Songs"), consisting of ten songs of varied styles, has already been heard at these concerts. In the tenor solo, "Confession," Herr Zur Mühlen became hoarse, and, mistaking the applause which followed some hisses for a *bis*, he repeated the song amid some laughter. The demand for a repetition of the quartet, "Discovery," was more genuine. The last song of all, a bass air, "Contrabandista," was omitted.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—Mr. Willing's Choir gave an excellent performance of *Eljah* on Tuesday night. Mr. Maas and Madame Patey repeated old successes; Miss Annie Marriott sang the soprano music, and especially "Hear ye, Israel," so admirably, as to earn a further title to distinction as an English concert soprano. Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg sang "Woe unto him" like a true artist, and also did good service in the concerted music. On the other hand, Mr. Ludwig's exaggerated style was ill-suited to the music of the Prophet, and he has yet to learn our oratorio traditions and the virtue of repression of superfluous energy.—On Wednesday the Bach Choir gave their first concert, chiefly of unaccompanied music, including a new hymn, "Awake, My Heart," by Dr. Villiers Stanford, and Palestrina's "Assumpta est Maria." History narrates that, when Sixtus V. was raised to St. Peter's chair, Palestrina composed a Mass which was severely criticised by that music-loving Pope. Much piqued, Palestrina put forth all his strength, and wrote the beautiful work, redolent of the very spirit of pure religion, produced on Wednesday. The Mass was not improved by certain alterations somewhat gratuitously made by Mr. W. S. Rockstro; but the choir—partly, it is believed, trained by Jenny Lind, and conducted by Jenny Lind's husband—sang admirably.

WAIFS.—Mr. Sims Reeves will during the summer appear in a few representations of English opera in the provinces.—A testimonial is projected for Madame Piccolomini, who is now fifty, and is reported to be in reduced circumstances.—Madame Anna Bishop, once the wife of Sir Henry Bishop, and latterly Mrs. Schultz, died in New York last week, aged seventy. Her maiden name was Ann Riviere, and she studied under Moscheles, and at the Royal Academy of Music. The greater part of her life as a vocalist was spent on the Continent, in America, and at the Antipodes.—The Royal Amateur Orchestra, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is usually first violin, gave a concert, at the Albert Hall, on Saturday.—The name "Albert Edward" appears unostentatiously on the list of the General Committee of the Benedict Testimonial, and the Prince of Wales has publicly subscribed 10l. 10s.—Dr. von Bülow has issued a satirical apology to the Intendant, explaining that he withdraws the word "Circus" in connection with the Berlin Opera, out of deference to the feelings of the directors of three real circuses.—The Prince of Wales will attend the smoking concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestra on Saturday evening.—Mr. Joseph Bennett in *The Musical Year, 1883* (Novello and Co.), has collected an almost complete record, fully indexed, of the musical events of the past year, together with copious reprints of criticisms written by the author for a daily paper. All who appreciate Mr. Bennett's literary style will be interested in preserving his criticisms in a collected form, and the book is also a valuable work of reference.—Mr. Lennox Browne's "Science and Singing" will shortly be published by Messrs. Chappell and Co.



THE TURF.—Fine but cold weather accompanied the opening of the flat-racing season at Lincoln on Monday last, and the gathering must be put down as a marked success, auguring well for the Turf this year. For the Blockley Stakes on the second day no less than a score faced the starter, and made a very pretty race, victory remaining with Mr. Craven's Lucy Ashton II., after a good race with Mr. C. Archer's Lady Gladys. If the latter had won, it would have been more than a consolation to the exile of Alfriston for his compulsory migration from Newmarket into Sussex. This is the sixth year in succession in which the Blockley has been won by a filly. It seems that the gentler sex among young thoroughbreds are generally a little forwarder than the other early in the season. The Lincoln Handicap, the other great race of the meeting, produced quite a Hunt Cup field of twenty-nine, and it is some credit to the judgment of backers that Tonans, who started at the comparatively short odds of 5 to 1, won. His excellent and consistent running last autumn, though he failed to win in several big events, pointed to his victory last Wednesday. Toastmaster, to whom Tonans gave a year, was second; and Boulevard, third in the betting, third. The other chief favourites—Energy, Wild Arab, Acrostic, and Florence—made but a poor show. Fulmen, who for some time headed the quotations in the market, met with an accident in the stable at Newmarket, and was unable to start.—A race for Arabs has been arranged to come off at the Newmarket July Meeting, and several from the East are said to be on their way to take part in it.—The "open ditch" has of late proved very disastrous, and among the victims is the well-known rider Mr. Brocklehurst, who fell at it with Tom King at Four Oaks Park. His life was for some time despaired of, but happily now the reports are more favourable.—Mr. W. Saunders, the Hedgesford trainer, has died in his sixty-fourth year.

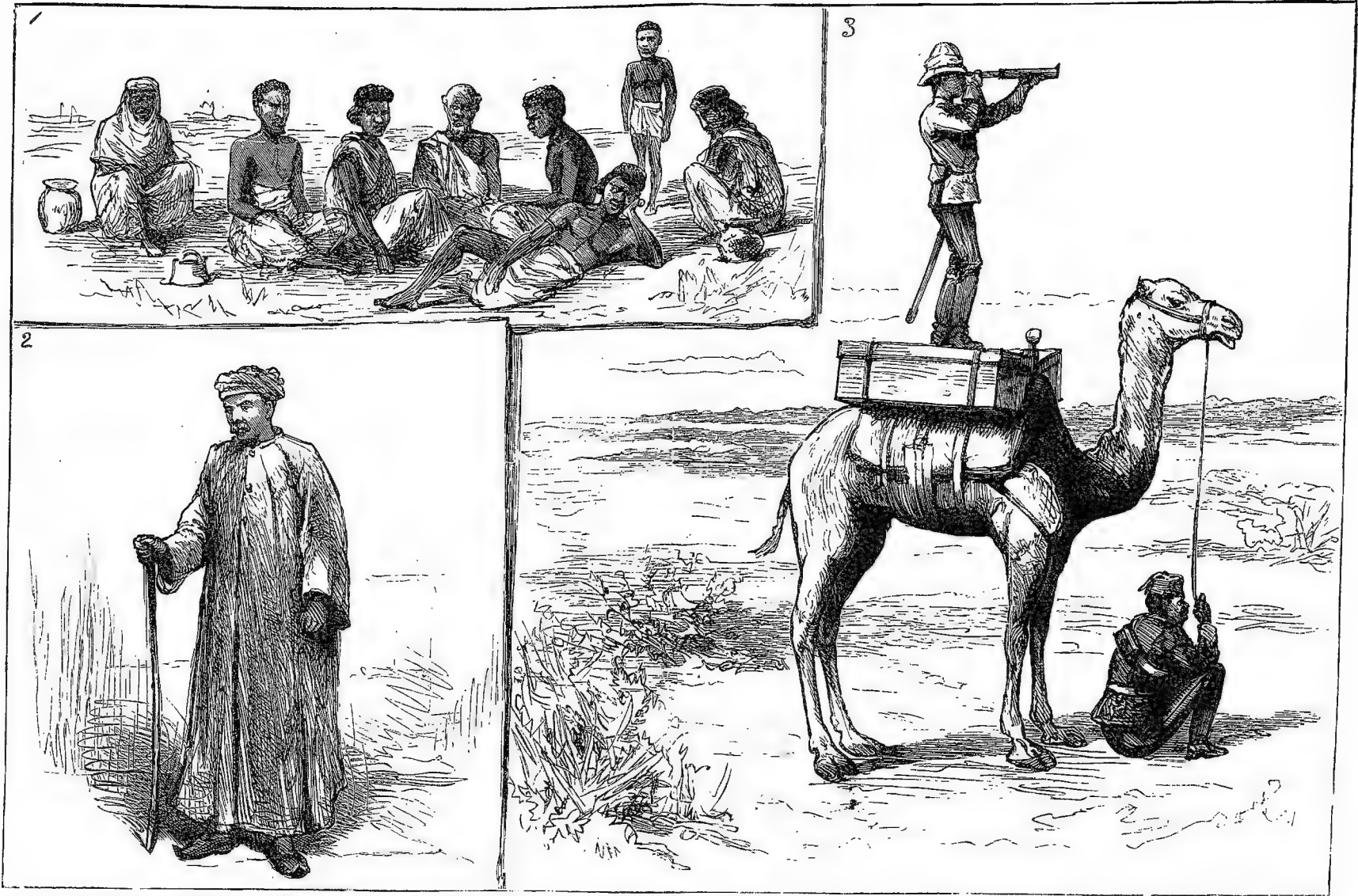
COURSING.—The Gosforth Gold Cup, the last big event connected with public coursing for the season, has been won by Mr. Spittles' Britain Still, who beat Mr. Greenall's Nimrod in the final. Mr. Mayer's Mineral Water, the recent winner of the Waterloo Cup, stood up till within the last four, when he was beaten by Britain Still, in which animal Mr. Mayer was fortunate enough to be more pecuniarily interested than in his own dog. False Standard, who did not do so well in the Waterloo Cup as many anticipated, was the other animal of the final quartette.

LACROSSE.—In the semi-final tie for the North of England Challenge Flags Heaton Mersey has beaten Disbury; and for the South of England Flags London has beaten Cambridge University. The final tie will be played between London and Dulwich, on the 29th, at Blackheath.

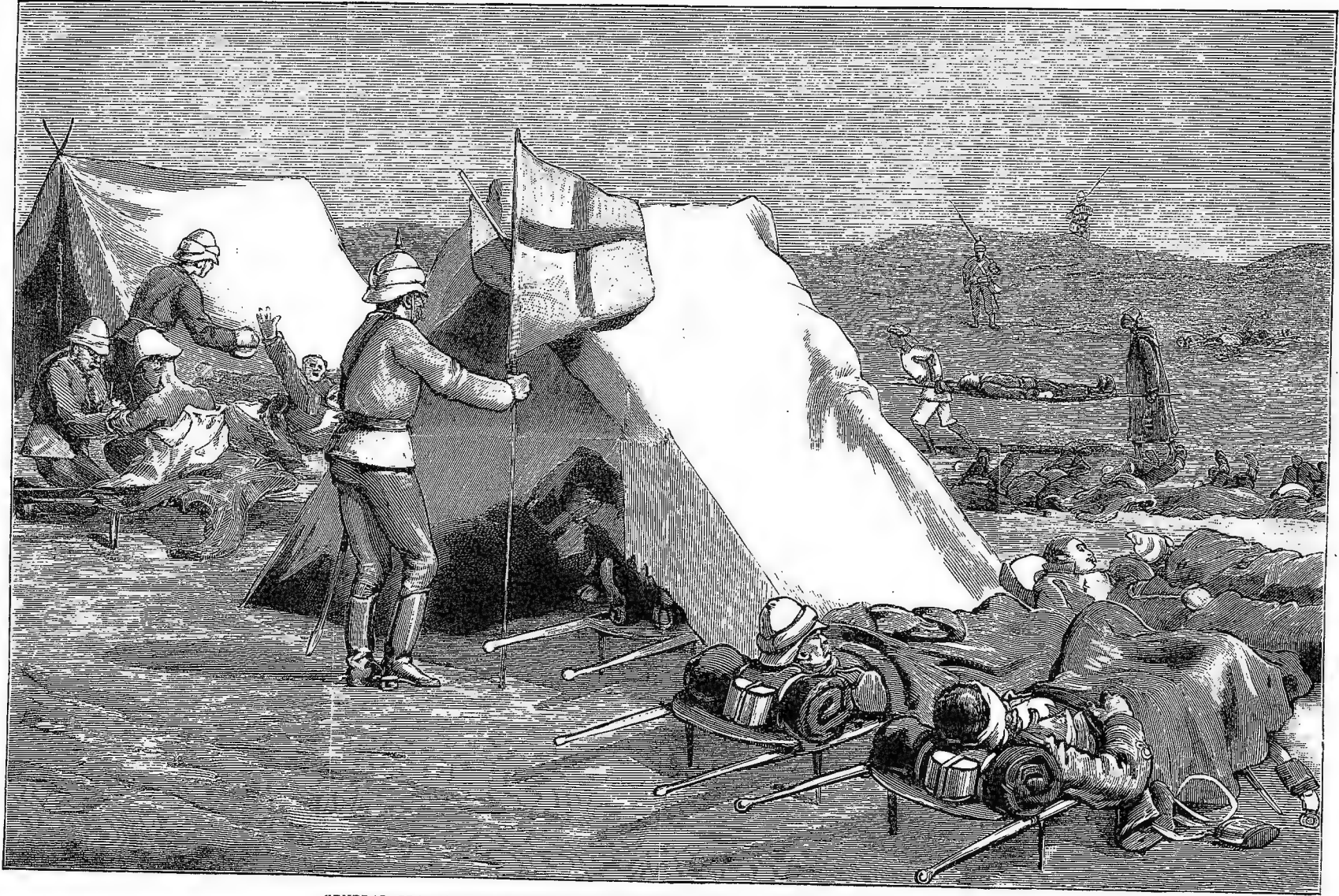
FOOTBALL.—The London Association Cup is now reduced to its final game, the Old Foresters, who have beaten the Old Etonians, having to play the holders, at the Oval, on the day of the Boat Race.—The final in the Association Challenge Cup will be played at the Oval, on Saturday afternoon next, between Queen's Park, Glasgow, and the Blackburn Rovers. An immense attendance may be expected at the Oval, where additional stands have been erected.

AQUATICS.—The annual Inter-University contest is drawing near, the 5th of April being the date of it. The Cambridge crew has been on the London waters some days, but the Oxford men only came up on Wednesday last, after having had a very favourable time of practice in the Cookham and Marlow district. The general impression seems to be that neither crew is quite up to the average, but the winner on the day will probably show that it is little, if at all, below it. Oxford continues the favourite.—Largan seems





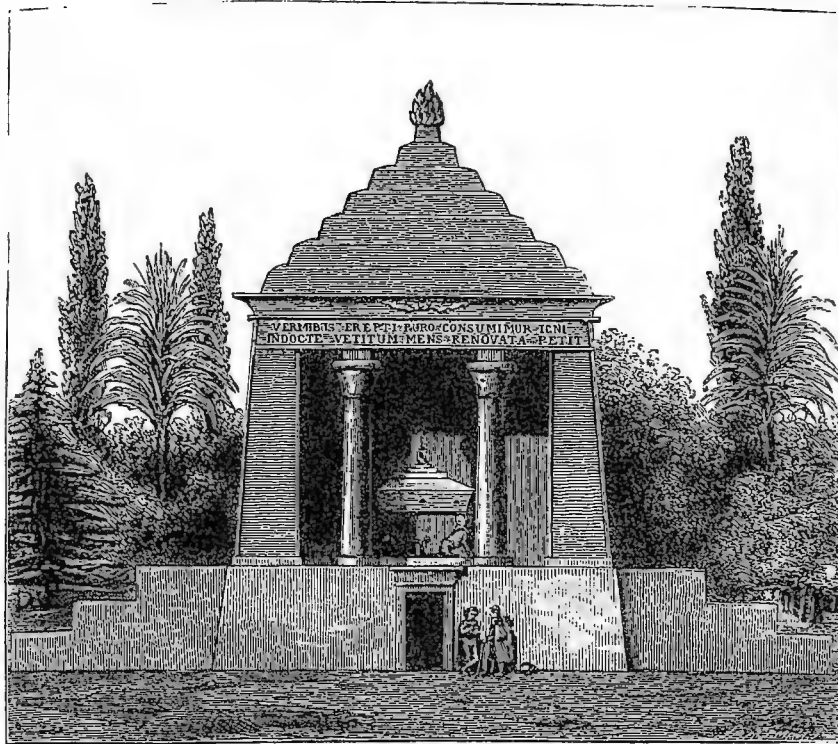
1. Arab Prisoners Taken at the Wells of Teb.—2. Mr. Guido Levi, an Austrian Merchant Who Visited Osman Digma's Camp : How He Returned to Suakim.—3. General Buller Looking Out for Tokar.



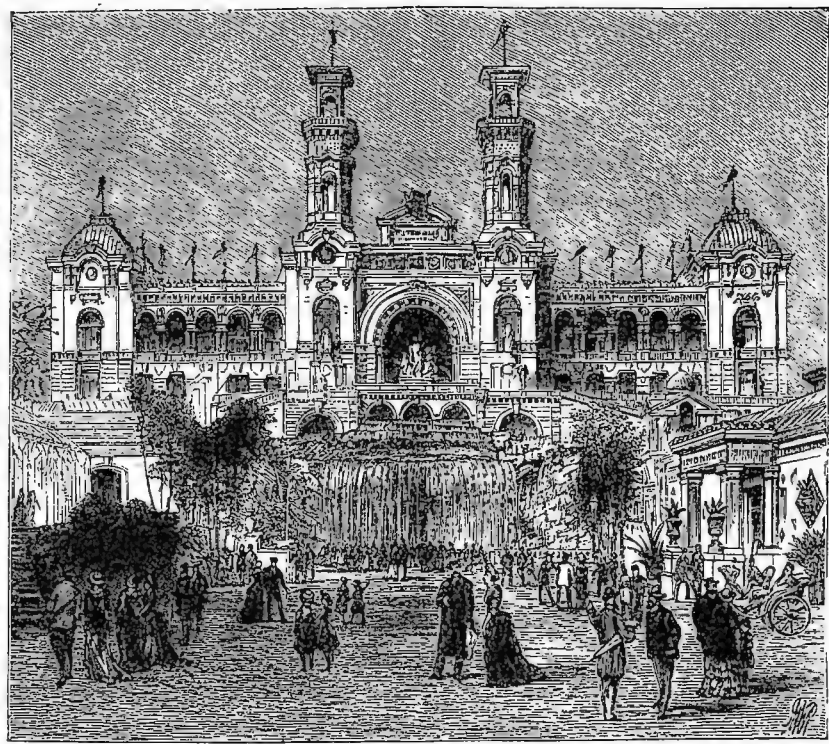
GENERAL GRAHAM VISITING THE WOUNDED THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF TEB

THE SOUDAN—AFTER THE RELIEF OF TOKAR  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS, AND AN EGYPTIAN OFFICER IN THE BRITISH SERVICE

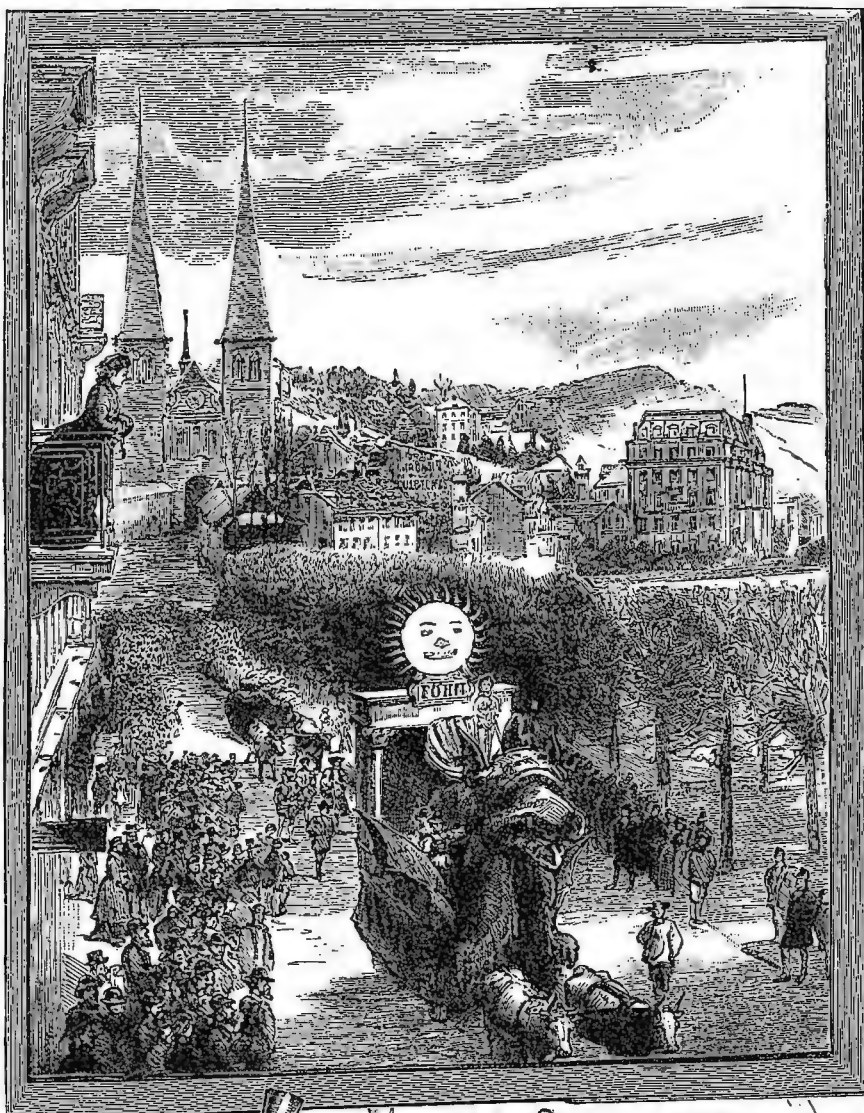




THE CREMATORIUM IN THE CAMPO SANTO, ROME



THE PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF THE NICE EXHIBITION



THE CARNIVAL AT LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND



anxious to have a race with Bubear, but the latter says he must have a good rest before he can take him on.—Every one will be glad to hear that Dublin University Boat Club has resolved to send an eight to Henley this year. It is now, we think, seven years since Trinity College competed at this regatta.



E. NICHOL.—Three good sound pieces for the schoolroom, by Theo. Bonheur, are "Sylvania" and "Sylvan Shades," both of the gavotte school, fairly original in melody and treatment, and "March of the Troopers," a very spirited composition, which will prove effective on a military band, and always meet with an encore.—A very graceful nocturne, to be played in the twilight, is "Une Fleur pour Toi," by Frederick Mann; it fully deserves to be learnt by heart.—"The Persian Patrol March," by Stephen Fielding, is a poor imitation of its Turkish namesake—certainly not one of its clever composer's best compositions by very many.—"Valley of Roses Valse," by F. W. Baker, and "Le Secret d'Amour Polka," by G. R. Rubini, are excellent specimens of dance music, and will be often heard and danced to with pleasure this season.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—Two very original little duets for equal voices or chorus, written and composed by Theo. Marzials and Charles Gounod, are "Arithmetic" and "Our Letters;" both are worthy the attention of the heads of colleges or schools.—A charming song, published in three keys, is "Sunshine;" words by Alice Lowthian, music by Caroline Lowthian. A meet companion for the above will be found in "Lingering Fancies," written and composed by Robert Ganthony and F. Riverhall.—Four songs of more than ordinary merit, each one of which may lay claim to decided originality of melody and treatment, are respectively (1) "Unbidden," written and composed by Jetty Vogel and Alfred J. Caldicott; (2) "Sing to Me," a fascinating ballad; the words by the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire, music by Lady Arthur Hill; (3) "Household Words," written and composed by Cotsford Dick; and, quaintest of the group, (4) "Love Must Make or Mar," written and composed by William A. Aiken; there is quite a madrigalian ring in this song. The first three songs are each published in three keys; the fourth is in one key only, and of medium compass.—"Three Melodious Sketches for the Pianoforte," by Eugen Woycke, are clever, and will repay the trouble of learning by heart: (1) "Morning;" (2) "Noon;" (3) "Night."—Elegant and not difficult is "Pas des Pierrots," pour le piano, by Hugh Clendon.—"Die Fussgarde," a quick march for the pianoforte, by Alois Volkmer, is so bright and inspiring that it should be scored for a military band without delay, and would soon thus win public favour.

ALFRED HAYS.—"Thee Do I Love," a romance *pur sang*, words by Carlotta Tasca, music by Alfred Plumptre, will prove a happy medium for a tenor to express the fervour of his devotion.—A cheery song, of medium compass, is "Reading Town," the racy words by Frank Bellamy, the music by George Fox. We commend this song to the attention of singers at musical readings and people's concerts.—For the same occasions, "Gladys," a mazurka of very dainty form, by Thomas Coyle, will surely win an encore whenever it is played.



MUCH interest is felt in the approaching revival of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket. It appears that Mrs. Bancroft originally contemplated taking upon herself the part of Mrs. Malaprop. In abandoning the intention of representing this amusing, but not particularly prepossessing personage, this great favourite of the public has certainly been well advised. The cast will include, with this exception, the entire strength of the company, reinforced by Mr. Lionel Brough in the character of Acres. It is understood that the scenery will include interesting views of Bath in 1775, and that more than ordinary pains will be bestowed upon the costumes and other indications of the period. Mrs. Bancroft, though she will have no part in the comedy, will appear in a slight afterpiece.

Mr. Pinero, who plays Captain Absolute, has been engaged with Mr. Bancroft in revising the play with a view to certain transpositions rendered necessary by the introduction of the important set scenes referred to. It is no doubt these facts which have given rise to statements which have appeared in the American papers, to the effect that Mr. Pinero has "written a new comedy for the Haymarket, of which the story belongs to the period of Beau Nash, the scene being laid in Bath."

To-night, at the new PRINCE'S Theatre, a drama entitled *The Private Secretary* will be performed for the first time in London. It is an adaptation, by Mr. Hawtrey, of a play by Herr von Moser, entitled *Der Bibliothekar*.

*Moestum ac sollicitum est.* There is sorrow among the tribe of youthful enthusiasts who haunt the stalls of the Gaiety; for Miss Gilchrist, after seven years' service, is about to quit the Gaiety stage for that of the Prince's. To do her justice, this young lady is not responsible for the notoriety which attaches to her name. Her most envious detractors cannot charge her with vulgar display, for her style is eminently quiet and refined. Apart from her good looks, which, as Mr. Sarcey says, "ne nuisent jamais," she has shown some capacity for study, and is able to unite with a pleasing manner the not too common acquirement of a very distinct enunciation.

Mr. Royce, whose return to the stage was long considered almost hopeless, has happily so far recovered as to be able to resume his duties at the Gaiety—not quite with his old force and agility, but with undiminished humour and command of burlesque drollery. His reappearance on Saturday afternoon in the part of Don José in *Little Don Cesar de Bazan* attracted a very large audience, who gave him a welcome that testified to his great popularity. Since then Mr. Royce has taken his place in the evening entertainments, which consist of a revival of this burlesque, with Mr. E. Terry, Miss Farren, and the entire strength of the Gaiety burlesque company, together with a revival of Sheridan's *Critic*.

The fashion of *matinées* certainly shows no sign of declining. Three morning performances were given at important London theatres on Wednesday, and two on Thursday. The performances on the former consisted of miscellaneous entertainments, enlisting the services of numerous distinguished performers at St. George's Hall for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. George Buckland; a representation of Mr. Palgrave Simpson's *Lady Dedlock's Secret*, in which Lady Monckton played the leading part, at the OPERA COMIQUE; and a performance of a play called *Her Own Enemy* at the Gaiety. In the latter piece Miss Rose Osborne made her first appearance. The items which relate to Thursday are a performance of *The Hunchback* at the Gaiety, which served to

introduce to the public a Miss Adelaide Moore in the part of Julia; and a representation at the ADELPHI of Mr. Mortimer's version of *La Petite Fadette*, in which Miss Lydia Cowell played the part of the heroine.

Miss Mary Anderson has, we understand, signed an extension of her engagement with Mr. Abbey for eight months certain from September 1, when she will reopen the LYCEUM, with Mr. William Terriss as leading actor. Mr. Terriss recently met with a slight accident while visiting Niagara Falls, but he is now quite well again.

The vast stage of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre is to be devoted to Easter to romantic drama. Mr. J. R. Taylor is the new lessee. The stalls are to be almost abolished in favour of an extended pit, to which the price of admission will be only eighteenpence.

*Yorick's Love*, in which Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the distinguished American actor, is to appear at the LYCEUM, appears to be another version of the idea embodied in *Tabarin* and Mr. Gilbert's *Comedy and Tragedy*. The treatment, however, is of a more sombre character. It is an adaptation of a Spanish play.

Mrs. Langtry, after appearing as Galatea in New York, will return to England in July for a tour of sixteen weeks in the provinces. Her present visit to the United States seems to have been even more successful than the previous visit. Very enthusiastic praises are bestowed by the American journals on her impersonation of Lady Ormonde in *Peril*.

A new burlesque by Mr. Robert Reece, entitled *Helen, or the Fall of Paris*, is in preparation at the Gaiety.

Mr. George Alexander takes the place of Mr. Terriss in Mr. Irving's company when they return to the Lyceum.

Mr. Comyns Carr is collaborating with Mr. Hugh Conway, the author of "Called Back," in the dramatisation of that work, which is to be produced at the PRINCE'S.

Miss Eliza Johnstone, who has been absent from the stage owing to serious illness for some months, reappeared at TOOLE'S Theatre on Saturday afternoon, in Mr. Pinero's little drama entitled *Hester's Mystery*.



THE SEASON.—In the North the winter-sown wheat, which was looking rather poor before March, has recently picked up, and now promises as well as in other parts of the country. Spring sowings in most districts of England have been favourably and extensively pursued, though from the Fens we hear that very little barley or oats have yet been sown. It has been one of the best winters for feeding off the roots on the clay land ever known, and the sheep have done remarkably well as to laying on the mutton, but the prices are not good, and sheep bought in the autumn are being sold at a loss. The root crops have held out well owing to the mild winter and the bite of grass. There is, however, a great deal of rotteness among the swedes. Forage crops, trifolium, and winter barley, tares, and rye are unusually forward, and promise a good yield. Cabbages are making rapid growth, while the hawthorn hedges which skirt the fields witness on their part to the advance of the season by putting on a green dress. The horse-chestnut has broken its leaf-buds, and the wall-fruit trees are gay in flowers.

POTATOES.—The season for planting has once more come round, and probably many farmers will be inclined to plant greater breadths than usual this year, both from seed-tubers being cheap and plentiful, and from there having been, both in 1882 and 1883, a happy abatement of disease and a generally improved yield. This revival of potato culture is clearly attributable to two causes—the planting of what is termed disease-proof varieties and the discovery that the application of potash, in some form or other, has not only high manurial effect, but tends to render the plant more healthy and exempt from disease attacks.

FARMERS BREEDING HORSES.—The depressed agriculturist, who has been fain to find in beetroot, jam, or the prickly cormfrey a remedy for an evil state of affairs, might often do worse than devote some attention to horse-breeding. Here we have one of the few remaining cases where the demand exceeds the supply, where England has the advantage of an admitted *prestige*, and where a good foreign inquiry stands behind the home demand. The Clydesdales and the Shire horses have been taken in hand by special societies; but farmers might often breed hunters, hackneys, and high-stepping carriage-horses, making thereby considerable and sure profits. Yorkshire is not what it once was for horse-breeding; but there are nine-and-thirty other English counties which may now see their opportunity.

THE ENGLISH WHEAT AVERAGE has remained steady for three weeks at 37s. 7d. per quarter, a most remarkable testimony to the immobility of the markets, as the Government figures are the result of the addition of 157 market totals, themselves the result of some score of separate sellers' returns. The arrival of Lady Day without the advance of wheat prices is extremely discouraging to the farmer, who will have the greatest difficulty in getting a fair price when large competitive Australian, Californian, and Indian arrivals are coming in. The growing wheat has a very healthy aspect, and the crop of last year is likely, on present appearances, to be exceeded, although it is still a far cry to Lammastide.

HORSES.—A fine Colt Show was held at Bishop Stortford, on Thursday; the Durham County Agricultural Society Stallion Show was to be held yesterday (28th), at Durham; and a large show of entire horses is expected to come off at Garstang, on the 10th of April.—The Manchester Show, one of the largest in the kingdom, has been fixed for May 8th and four following days.—The Oxfordshire Agricultural Society have just made considerable additions to the horse classes for their next Show, and special prizes are offered by Lords Chesham and Randolph Churchill.

GUERNSEY CATTLE.—Breeders and owners of these animals should note that on the 2nd of April a meeting will be held at the Inns of Court Hotel, for the purpose of taking initiatory steps for the formation of an English Guernsey Herd Book. Mr. Neville Wyatt and Mr. Barham are leading spirits in the movement.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—A correspondent writing from this agricultural county states that his flock of 600 breeding ewes, now in the midst of lambing, are doing extremely well. He thinks that root-feeding leads to a great deal of abortion; but he dreads infectious diseases more than anything else. It simply ruins the breeding ewes. He adds: "We are clear in this district at present; but I dread Irish beasts coming in this spring. They brought foot-and-mouth disease last spring, and again in the autumn."

"A MILK CONFERENCE" will meet shortly after Easter at Gloucester to consider the best means of reviving the pastoral farming of Western England, which is not at present in a very flourishing condition. Dr. Bond and Mr. A. C. Wheeler are the leading organisers. The latest instruments and appliances for the dairy will be shown in a room adjoining the Conference Hall.

DISTEMPER.—We note a recipe recently given with the best credentials in technical journals. It consists of chlorate of potash

2 drs., mendenous p. pts 1 oz., sweet spirits of nitre 2 drs. Dissolve potash in enough water for the purpose, and add the rest. Dose, teaspoonful to tablespoonful three times a day, according to age.

POULTRY.—Returns recently published by a farmer show profit of a little under 5 per cent. on the outlay for fowls which kept on a farm, and simply allowed to feed themselves round the stacks and homesteads and in the fields. The present extreme cheapness of wheat is an encouragement to poultry fanciers, for it is a food which yields more eggs than a maize diet, and, where the birds have a good meadow to run in, is perhaps the best of foods. The Dorking-game cross has lately been strongly recommended.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A few days since an ewe belonging to Mr. Kelleher, of Middleton, Co. Cork, gave birth to four ram lambs, all of which are alive and doing well. The same ewe had the same number last year at one birth.—The common tortoiseshell butterfly was seen on the wing near Salisbury last week, and the rare tortoiseshell was taken at Eastbourne. Both, of course, must have been hibernated specimens.—A correspondent calls attention to what he alleges to be the fact of the exceedingly local habitation of the dormouse. Although given in all books as a British animal, he says it is in reality confined to the Southern, Eastern, and South-Midland counties of England. Can this be so?—The chiffchaff was heard on the 15th March near Modbury, and the nightingale is reported to have been heard at Kensing on the 18th.—Two crows were recently observed in a field at Yniscadwm, South Wales, engaged in conflict with a cock pheasant, which ended the contest by taking wing.—Mr. Castang, of Leadenhall Market, recently showed us a lapwing, whose wing plumage was extremely curious in its markings. Several of the primaries were pure white, namely, on the right wing the two first primaries, and on the left wing the first, second, sixth, seventh, and eighth. These markings, we are assured by naturalists, are exceedingly rare.—A cat was seen the other day to follow a linnet the distance of several London gardeners and their dividing walls. Eventually it caught the bird—a tame one—and brought it back in its mouth alive. The bird, we are told, is none the worse for being thus strangely retrieved.—An otter was killed last week in the Nidd, at Killinghall.—The starling does not yet seem to have arrived in Scotland this season. Of late years naturalists have noticed a decided increase in the number of these birds in North Britain.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Foot-and-mouth disease continues to diminish in all parts of the kingdom.—The prices realised for cattle lately have often been very unsatisfactory to purchasers in the autumn.—Ensilage keeps gaining in favour, the vast majority of experiments turning out a decided success.—The return of Mr. Thornhill for Cambridgeshire increases the number of fair traders in the House of Commons, and this action of a great agricultural district cannot be ignored.—The price of feeding barley and oats remains very low, and maize, although comparatively scarce, is also cheap at 25s. per 480 lbs.



AT THE SPRING ASSIZES, which will probably begin about the 22nd of April, the Judges in Circuit will try criminal cases only, except at Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE MRS. WELDON has again appeared in Court as her own counsel, on this occasion as plaintiff in an action for libel against the proprietor of the *Daily Chronicle*, for a leading article summarising the facts of her quarrel with Mr. Rivière, in the course of which she was arraigned by him at the Old Bailey. After a very brief deliberation, the jury gave a verdict for the defendant, and Mrs. Weldon was mulcted in costs.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION has been given by Mr. Justice Watkin Williams in the action brought by the Lea Conservancy Board against the Corporation of Hertford for alleged pollution of the New River by the sewage of that town. The trial lasted twelve or thirteen days. The judge decided in favour of the Corporation, on the ground that they had complied with the requisition of the Act of Parliament, which allowed them to discharge their sewage into the Lea, provided that it had been previously treated for purification in "the best known practical way," in this case that of the Rivers Purification Company, who were their co-defendants in the action. On one contested point the judge brought his own powers of observation into play, having twice visited the part of the river where there was a large accumulation of mud, which the plaintiffs contended was caused by the passage of solid sewage from the purifying works of the defendants. In weighing the evidence on this point his own observations aided him to the conclusion that there had been a long-neglected accumulation of mud in a stagnant part of the river, with which the sewage had nothing to do.

IN THE ACTION "Gantlett v. The Grosvenor Banking Company (Limited)," the trial of which occupied Mr. Justice Lopes and a special jury for several days, the evidence was singularly conflicting. The plaintiff, a builder, claimed 1,000l. damages for injury to his business and character sustained by the conduct of the defendants in selling off his furniture and stock-in-trade under a bill of sale which he had given them as security for a loan to be repaid them by weekly instalments. According to his statement, when the defendants made the sale for a third of the value of what was sold, there was a balance of 47l. to his credit at their bank; it was proved that he had a cheque for 24l. in his possession; while the instalment overdue by him, with incidental expenses, did not amount to more than 3l., which he offered to pay on the morning of the sale, provided it were stopped. The manager of the defendants' bank, who had formerly been a policeman, swore that the balance of 47l. had been transferred, at the plaintiff's request, from his current to a deposit account, and that up to the last the sale would have been stopped if the instalment in arrear had been paid. In summing up the judge asked whether, if the defendants' story were true, and that had Gantlett paid the small sum due the money, he should not have paid it. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, and then assessed the damages at the amount claimed, 1,000l.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY will lose 18,000l. by the decision of a jury that the late Mrs. Torriano's will, in which that sum was bequeathed it, was executed when she was of unsound mind. The will was contested by two cousins, to whom she had not left a sixpence of the 20,000l. of which she died possessed.

THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION have refused applications for new trials, on the ground of excessive damages, in the case of Canon Brereton and General Brereton, who gained actions against the Great Eastern Company for severe injuries received when travelling on their line, as recently chronicled in this column.

MR. LAVES, the defendant in the famous action for libel brought by Mr. Belt, has presented a petition in bankruptcy. It does not appear whether his liabilities extend beyond the damages and costs in the various litigations in which he has been defeated by Mr. Belt.







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The Right Hon. Lord CARLINGFORD, K.P., Lord President of the Council, has kindly consented to preside.

A New Wing, which will be opened by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne on the 6th of May next, will contain Seventy beds. These, however, cannot be used unless sufficient funds are forthcoming.

Noblemen and Gentlemen willing to accept the office of Steward are requested to send their names to the Secretary at the Hospital.

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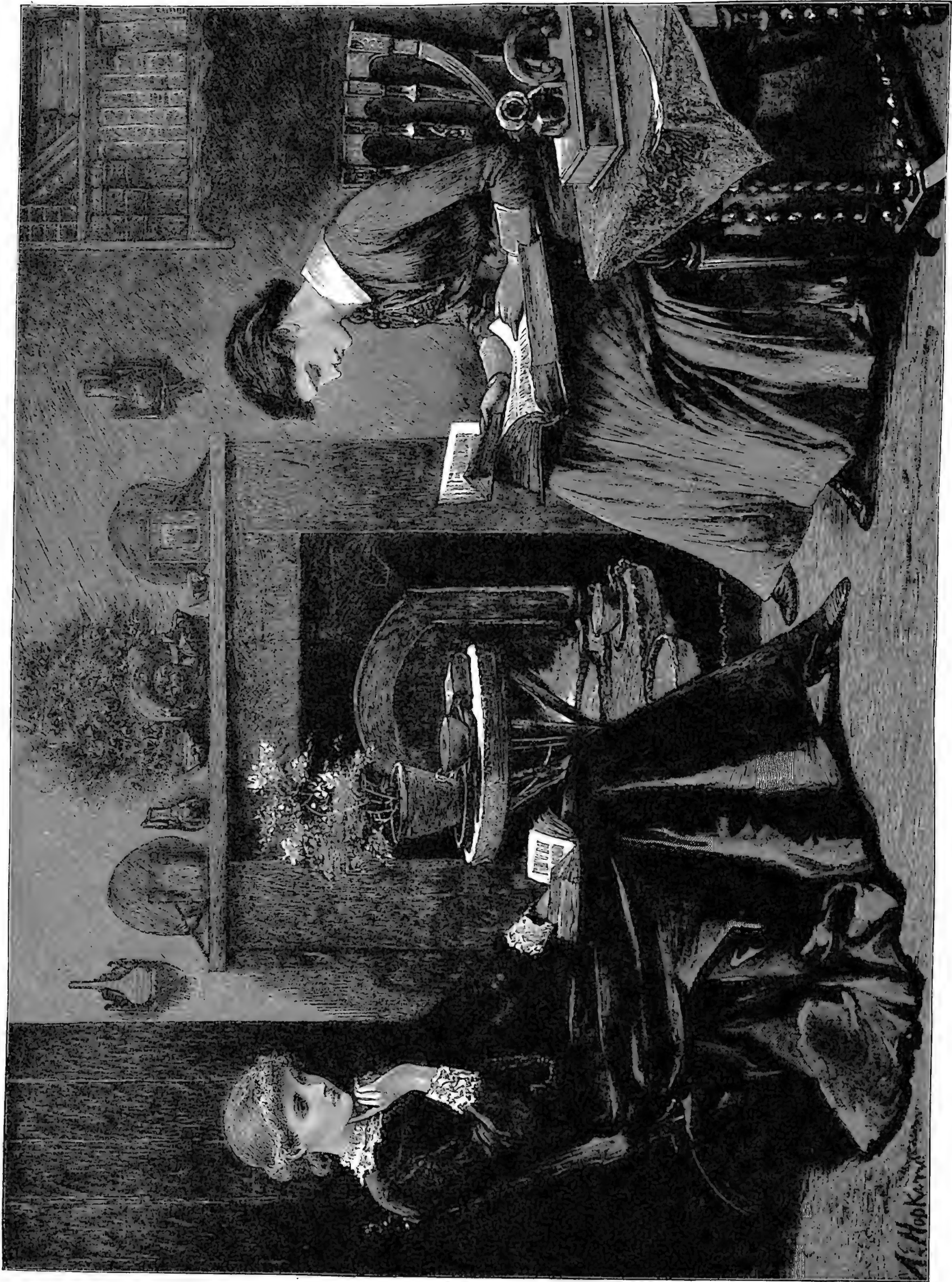
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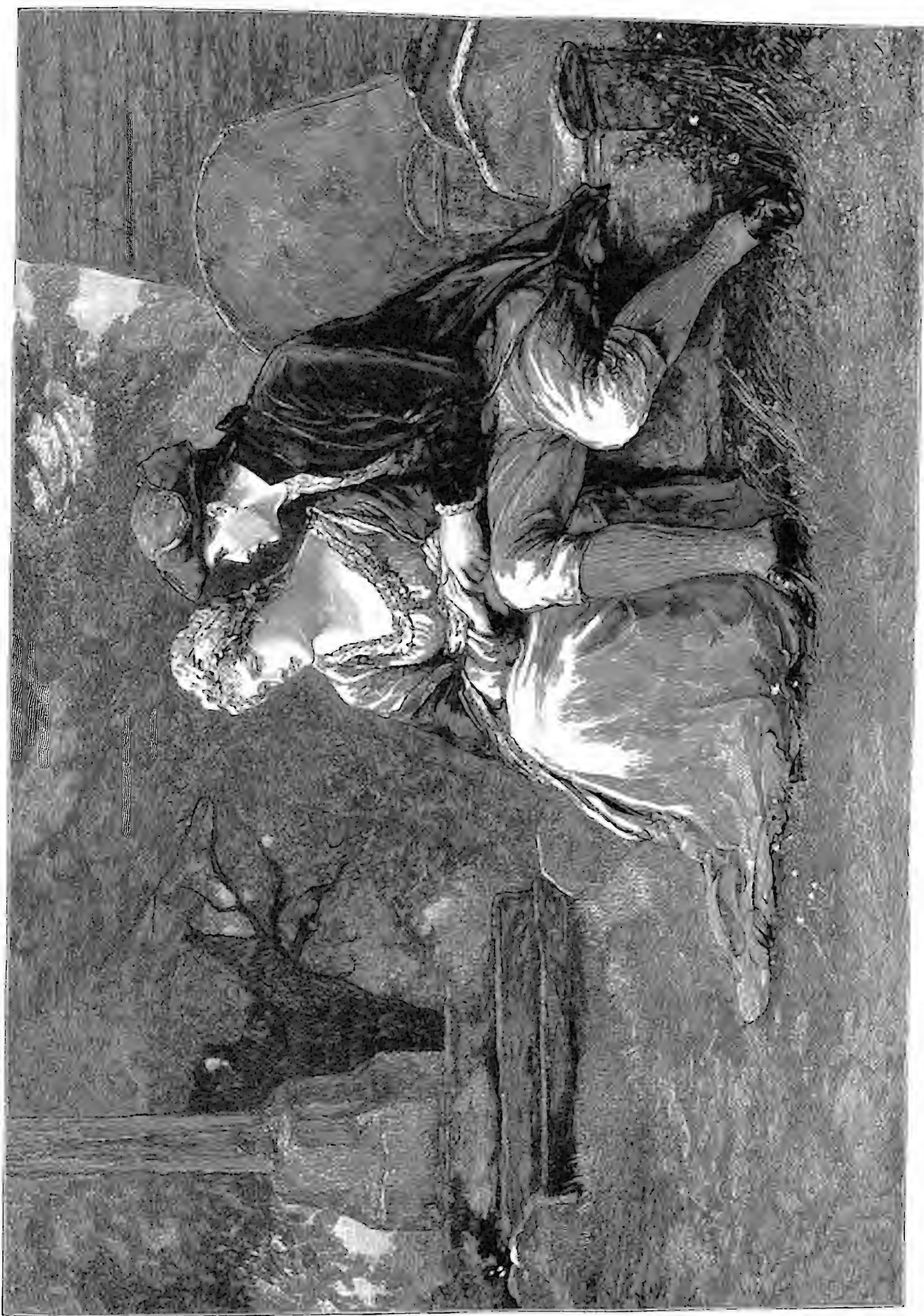
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"This belonged to Lady Radcliffe, your Lordship's grandmother."

## DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### NEW YEAR'S DAY

On the day of the New Year, which is the day for giving and receiving presents, there was so great an exchange of pretty things that I cannot enumerate them. For everybody gave something, if it were only a little thing worked by hand. Thus, my lord presented Tom with a hunter, and Tom gave him a fowling-piece which had belonged to his uncle Ferdinando. Though the general joy at the master's return was so great that the tables groaned beneath the presents offered to him, yet I think he gave far more than he received. That was ever his way—to give more than he received, whether in friendship, trust, and confidence, or in rich presents, or in love. It is a happy disposition, showing that its owner is already half prepared for Heaven. As for myself, I was made nothing short of rich by the many beautiful and costly things that were bestowed upon me. Tom gave me another pair of gloves, the Lady Mary a small parcel of point lace of Valenciennes, the Lady Katharine a piece of most beautiful brocade, saying that she was too old for such gauds and vanities, which became young and beautiful gentlemen, and her maid should give me counsel how best to make it up. Mr. Howard gave me a book from the library containing the Meditations of Thomas à Kempis. Alas! I paid little heed at the time to the wise and comforting words of that precious book, though now, next to one other, it is my greatest consoler. (I also find some of the Thoughts of Monsieur Pascal worthy the attention of those who would seek comfort from religion). Frank gave me a silver chain—had been his grandmother's—for hanging keys and what not upon; and Mr. Errington gave me a pretty little ring set with an emerald, saying that he had bought it for the first Dorothy Forster twenty years before, but she would have none of him or of his gifts. "Wherefore, my dear," he said, "although an emerald speaks of love returned, let me bestow it upon one beautiful enough to be Dorothy's daughter.

O daughter, fairer than thy mother fair,

as says some poet, but I forget which, because it is thirty years since I left off reading verses. Very likely it was Suckling or Waller."

"Sir," said Mr. Hilyard, officiously, "you have done the Latin poet Horace the honour to quote him—through an unknown translation."

"Gad," replied Mr. Errington, "I knew not I was quoting Latin. I am infinitely obliged to you, sir, for the assistance of your

learning. It shall be Horace, since you say so. But much finer things, I doubt not, have been said about beautiful women by our English poets. Can you, sir, who know the poets, as well as everything else"—Mr. Errington was one of those gentlemen who regard scholarship as a kind of trade, to be followed by the baser sort, as indeed it chiefly is, and as a means of rising—"can you, sir, help us to something from an English poet with which we may compliment the beauty of this young lady?"

"The language of gallantry," said Mr. Hilyard, "was not affected by Shakespeare, our greatest poet; yet there is one passage which I submit to your Honour. It is in his Sonnets, wherein the poet says—

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her person."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Errington. "Fair Dorothy, Shakespeare was a prophet, though he hath turned your aunt into your mother."

Lord Derwentwater alone gave me nothing, which I thought strange. But presently, when the first business and agitation about the gifts were over, he begged me to examine with him some of the treasures and heirlooms of the house.

The Hall was full of strange things and treasures brought together from every part of the world; by Radcliffes who had travelled in far countries, even to Constantinople and the Holy Land; by Radcliffes who had crossed the ocean, and seen the two Americas and the savage Indians; by Radcliffes who had plundered Scottish castles and Scottish towns in the old times; by Radcliffes who had bought beautiful things in Italy, and by those who had bought them in London. The walls were covered with pictures; not only portraits, but also those pictures which men strangely love to paint of half-clothed shepherdesses, Nymphs, Satyrs, and so forth; illustrations of stories from Ovid and the ancient poets, some of which Mr. Hilyard had read to me; together with other pictures, to my poor understanding, equally foolish—to wit, the martyrdom and torture of saints, as the shooting of St. Sebastian with arrows; the roasting of St. Lawrence upon a gridiron (this was a very fine and much-praised picture by an Italian master, whose name I have forgotten; but it made your flesh creep ever afterwards even to think of that poor writhing wretch); the angels in Heaven, all sitting in a formal circle; the beheading of St. Peter, and so forth. I know not why executions and tortures should be portrayed, unless, as is wisely done in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," in order to show, by lively pictures of the poor creatures in the flames, what one religion is capable of doing, and the other of enduring. Besides the pictures, there were

suits of armour, both chain armour, very beautifully wrought, and armour of hammered iron, with a whole armoury of weapons hanging like trophies upon the walls, such as pikes, lances, spears, bows and arrows, crossbows, guns and firelocks of all kinds, strange instruments for tearing knights out of their saddles, battleaxes, maces, and swords of every kind. At my request, my Lord once dressed himself in one of the suits of chain armour, and put on his head an iron helmet, with side or cheek-pieces, and a machine for protecting the face. With a battleaxe in his hand, he looked most martial and commanding; yet I laughed to see the long wig below the helmet, flowing over the shoulders and the chain armour. To each age its fashions; since the politeness of the present generation commands gentlemen no longer to wear their own hair, but a full wig, whereby the aged may look young, and the young disguise their youth and inexperience, there must seem something ludicrous when the dress of our ancestors is assumed even for a moment. It was not, however, to see these things, which stood exposed to the view of all who came, that I was asked to accompany my Lord. We went to see those treasures which were kept under lock and key in cabinets and cupboards, and even in secret places known only to Mrs. Busby, the housekeeper, who came with us, bearing the keys.

Lady Mary came, too. Her sister, Lady Katharine, the most gentle and pious of women, was in the chapel, where she spent a great part of each day in prayer and meditation. Certainly, if ever there was a saint in the Church of Rome, she was one. Though we are bound not to accept the doctrine of Purgatory (which seems to me the least harmful of human inventions, as regards religion); yet I have always thought, in considering the life of this pious woman, that there could be no fires of Purgatory for her. Her sister was as gentle, but not so pious (yet a good woman, and obedient to the Church).

"My dear," she said, "we have many pretty things to show you. No doubt the Forsters have also got together, both at Bamfborough and Etherston, things as curious and more valuable, for we are not ignorant that you have been longer in the county. But our collections are allowed to be very fine."

They were indeed very fine. We have nothing to compare at all with them, either at Etherston or the Manor House.

There were old brocades, stiff with gold and silver; gloves set with pearls; shoe-buckles with diamonds; embroidered and jewelled garters, damasks, flounced stuffs, rich silks, every kind of woman's dress from the time of Henry the Sixth, or even older, to the present day. The housekeeper laid them out with pride, saying,



"This belonged to Lady Radcliffe, your Lordship's grandmother, who was a daughter of Sir William Fenwick; and this was part of the bridal dress of Anne Radcliffe, who married Sir Philip Constable; and these were the late Lady Swinburne's gloves." And so on—having, besides, a story to tell of every one; how this lady was a widow and a beauty; and this one ran away, and another was married against her will, and another a widow almost as soon as she was a bride: such tales as an old housekeeper loves to gather together and to store up."

"Women," says Mr. Hilyard, "are the historians, as they are the guardians of the household."

"These," said the Earl, "are the ladies' collections. My own mother"—his face darkened when he spoke of his mother (at which I wonder not)—"hath added nothing; but my grandmother and her predecessors have all contributed something of their finery to make this collection the better. Great pity it is when a family lets all be scattered abroad and lost."

Then we were shown the cabinets, where were locked up the trinkets, ornaments, and things in gold. Here were rings of all kinds—some old and rudely set, but with large stones; some with posies and devices; some with coats of arms; some with stories belonging to them and some without. Also, there were bracelets of all kinds—of plain beaten gold, of chains in gold, of rings, of serpents; of Saracen, Turkish, Indian, Venetian, and Florentine work; also necklaces of silver and of gold—plain and set with emeralds, diamonds, rubies, opals, sapphires, and all other precious stones—*agrets*, *duits*, and chains of all kinds, even the thin and delicate chain of pure soft gold from India—one never saw so brave a show. Then there were miniatures in gold frames, set with pearls, of the Radcliffe ladies, including my own great-grandmother, the heiress of Blanchland. A comely and beautiful race they were. Next, there were snuff-boxes collected by the late Earl, who died in the year 1705. There were dozens of these, mostly with lids beautifully painted, but the pictures such as please not a woman's eye, being like those on the walls, of half-dressed nymphs and shepherdesses. Dear me! A man who wants to take snuff can surely take it quite as well out of a tin or brass snuff-box, such as our gentlemen use, as out of a box with a heathen goddess sprawling outside, dressed as heathen goddesses were accustomed to dress.

"It is," said Mr. Hilyard once, talking the nonsense that even learned men sometimes permit themselves, "it is an excuse for painting the ideal, model, and fountain of beauty. It has been held that from Venus—namely, feminine beauty—are born not only the whole train of Loves, petulant and wanton, but also the nine Muses, who are, in fact, Poetry, Music, Dancing, Acting, Gallantry, Courtesy, Politeness, Courtship, and Intrigue, and not Thalia and her sisters at all, unless they can be proved to have those attributes." This foolish talk I refused to hear. Did ever a woman wish to see represented in a picture the stalwart form and sturdy calves of her lover? How, then, did we get our love for poetry, dancing, and the rest of it, including coquetry?

I cannot tell all that was in this cabinet of wonders. But in the lowest drawers there lay—fans! Oh, Heaven! Fans! I never knew before that there were in the whole wide world so many fans. They were all painted, and some of them most beautifully. There were fans with flowers on them, so life-like that you stooped to breathe the perfume of the rose or the mignonette; there were fans with rustic scenes, swains, and shepherdesses, dancing round a maypole—

"Do they dance so in France, my Lord?" I asked.

"Nay," he replied, gravely. "They dance, indeed, but it is to forget the terrors of to-morrow, and to rejoice over the certainty of to-day's dinner. There is laughter, but not much joy, in the French peasant's dance."

So I laid that down, and took up another. Upon it was the tale of the Sirens and Ulysses. Oh! I knew the story, and wonderful it was to see the oarsmen rowing silent and careless, neither seeing nor hearing, while Ulysses, bound to the mast, strained forward to catch the music, after which he would fain have followed like a slave if he could. It was a moral piece, and I looked at it with admiration. The next—but I cannot run through them all—was the Judgment of Paris, the shepherd a very noble youth, with something of the look of my Lord upon him; while, as for the goddesses, not one of them, to my thinking, deserved an apple so much as—but we may not judge, and it seemed to please his Lordship. Then there were more swains and shepherdesses, very sweet and pretty, with grass like velvet, and dresses (though they had been tending sheep) as clean and neat as if just out of the bandbox. "Ah! if one could find such a country," I said, "one would willingly turn milkmaid."

"And I," said my Lord, "would even be turned into a shepherd, to be companion to such a milkmaid."

Then there was a fan of Pierrot, Harlequin, and Columbine. It brought your heart into your mouth only to see such merry, careless faces, as if there were no such things as trouble, or anxiety, or exiled Princes, or rival Churches, or wicked people, and all that one had to do was to tell stories continually, laugh, dance, sing, and make merry. I never saw before such happiness depicted on simple white silk. It made me think, somehow, of Mr. Hilyard in the evening. After this fan, I cared little about the rest, though the parting of Achilles and Briseis was sad, and the death of Cleopatra tragic.

"Now," said my Lord, smiling kindly, as was his wont when he was doing something generous, "now that you have seen our pretty things, remember that you have not received my *diemne*. Will it please you make a choice?"

I know not whether by accident or design, but Lady Mary and the housekeeper were engaged among the silks and old brocades, and we were alone.

"Oh! my Lord," I said, "I cannot take any of these beautiful things. They belong to your house and to your family. They must not leave you."

"Take all," he whispered. "Oh! Dorothy! take all; and, yet, they need not leave me, if in taking them you take me too."

Alas! what could a girl say? I knew not what to say. For in the great joy of that moment, I remembered not—nay, all this time I thought not about it, being in a fool's Paradise—what stood between us.

"Oh! my Lord," was all I could whisper. But he stooped and kissed my fingers, and I think that Lady Mary saw him, for she came back quickly, a little glow upon her faded cheek and a brightness in her eyes, but said nothing, only presently took my hand in hers and pressed it kindly.

Well; there was no help; she joined her nephew in forcing presents upon me. I chose the fan with Harlequin, Columbine, and Pierrot upon it. Why, it lies beside me still, with its three happy, laughing faces. Long ago, they, too, have been driven out of Fool's Paradise, like me. The silk has faded; the pictured faces smile no more: they have lost their youth: they are wrinkled: they have forgotten how to laugh. When I die, I should like that fan to be buried with me.

Other things they gave me—a ring, a bracelet—what matters now?—with kind words, and praise of beauty and sweet looks. A sensible girl knows very well that this flattery is bestowed out of goodness of heart, and with the desire of pleasing her: it does not turn her head more than the passing sunshine of the moment, though it makes her cheek to glow, her eyes to brighten, and her lips to tremble.

"There were never," whispered the fond young lover, "never, I swear, finer eyes or sweeter lips."

In the evening, when I opened my fan, a paper fell out. My Lord picked it up and gave it me. Oh! It was another set of verses, and in the same feigned handwriting as the first. He read them, affecting as much surprise as on the former occasion:—

Learn, nymphs, from wondrous Daphne's art  
The uses of the fan,  
Designed to play a potent part  
When she undoes a man.

As when the silly trout discerns  
The artificial fly,  
And rises, bites, and too late learns  
The hook that lies hard by:

So man, before whose raptured gaze  
The fan in Daphne's arms,  
Now spreads, now shuts, and now displays,  
And now conceals her charms,

Falls, like that silly fish, a prey,  
Yet happier far than he,  
Adores the hand outstretched to slay,  
And dies in ecstasy.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### FRANK AND JENNY

I CANNOT forbear to mention a thing which happened at this time, so strange, so contrary to reason and experience, so far removed from the ordinary stories of apparitions and phantoms that, had I not been agitated by a thousand tumultuous joys, I must have been thrown by it into great apprehensions, and perhaps have felt compelled to lay the matter before the Bishop.

The thing was chiefly concerned with my maid Jenny. I have already explained that she was an active and faithful maid, clever with her needle, a good hairdresser, modest and respectful in her behaviour to me, whatever she was to others. With all these virtues, it is grievous to remember that if ever a woman was a witch and had dealings with the Devil—why, even Mr. Hilyard, who is always most cautious in these matters, confesses that the matter is beyond his comprehension, and he knows not how to explain it, or what to say of it. Let us remember that at Blanchland she saw apparitions (though others saw none) to the terror of the village; and there also she was said to lead about a rustic whom she made to do whatever she pleased (this at the time I believed not, though now I know that it may be true). And at Dilston she acted parts either of her own invention or imitated the actors or declaimed what she had heard to such admiration that the men gazed upon her with open mouths, and the kitchen-maids dropped the dishes, and the elder women crossed themselves. Gipsy blood will show, they say; no doubt these outcasts are in some sort more liable than the rest of us to diabolical possession, and it is by this dealing with the Devil, and no other way, that they are enabled to read the future, predict fortunes, and, above all, to bewitch a man, and make him do whatsoever they please.

It was on the morning after the day of gifts; a gloomy and cloudy morning, with mist lying over the Devilswater and the meadow beneath the Hall; the gentlemen were out in the fields shooting; Lady Katharine was, I suppose, in the chapel; Lady Mary was dozing in her chair; the maids were all at work below and in the kitchens. I, having nothing to do, and a heart troubled, but full of joy, began to roam by myself about the great house. First, I went into the Library, where few ever sat. Sometimes my Lord went thither to spend an hour; he was a gentleman of parts, and possessed as much learning as befits a man of his rank. An Earl must not be a writer of books or a poet by trade, though he may, as Lord Rochester did, write witty and ingenious verses to be given to his mistress or to please the Court. Frank Radcliffe was often there, and sometimes Mr. Howard. To-day when I opened the door I saw the good old priest sleeping beside a great wood fire, on his knees a massive volume in calf, with brass clasps—no doubt a learned work on theology. So, not to disturb him, I shut the door again quite quietly, and went along the passages among the many old rooms, hung with tapestry, and furnished after an antique style. Some of them were occupied by the guests, but all for the moment were empty, and I looked curiously into them, half afraid of the deep shadows in which ghosts might linger. If I entered these silent chambers I peeped hurriedly into the mirrors, afraid lest, as has happened to many honest people, I might see a second face in addition to my own, or, which is worse than a whole Procession of Ghosts, not my own face at all, but quite another one—a strange, a threatening, and an angry face—or the face of a demon. I have often prayed to be protected from this form of Visitation, of which I could tell many stories, but refrain, merely saying that it is no surer indication of great disaster than thus to see a strange and angry face in the mirror instead of your own.

The house being so silent, the air without so misty, and the rooms so dark, it is not strange that I presently fell into that expectant spirit in which nothing seems strange, so that if all my ancestors on the Radcliffe side had with one consent marched up the corridor to greet me, I should have taken it as nothing out of the way or even unexpected. It is a condition of mind into which it is easy to fall when one's mind is full.

Now, as I walked along the passage, I became aware of a voice: it was a low voice, which I knew very well but did not remember at the time whose it was (when one's head was full of Lord Derwentwater, could one remember the voice of a servant maid?). Without following or seeking after that voice, I walked by accident straight to the room whence it came, and the door being open, and I not thinking one way or the other whether I ought to look or whether I ought not, I not only looked in at the door but I walked into the room. Truly I was as one in a dream.

The thing which I saw awakened me from my dream, and I started and was seized with a horror, the like of which I never felt before, and hope never to feel again. Because I saw with my own eyes the bewitching of a man by a woman.

It was a large low room without much furniture, and I think it had once been used for a children's room, for there were little chairs about, and broken toys. There were only two persons in the room: one of the two was Frank Radcliffe, and the other was none other, if you please, than Jenny, my own maid. That Frank should condescend to hold conversation at all with this black-eyed gipsy girl might have filled me with wonder; yet I was not so young or so innocent (what country girl is?) as not to know that young gentlemen will often stoop to rustic wiles, to their own shame and the just ruin of the latter. But Frank was not like many of our young bloods, a mere hunting and shooting creature, born to destroy vermin for the farmers and provide game for the table. He was a gentleman of high breeding and polished, nay, delicate manners, no more capable, one would think, of being led out of himself by the flashing eyes of a village beauty than my Lord himself: a scholar too, and man of books. Yet, here he was; and, with him, Jenny. The girl was sitting on a chair with her back to the door, and, therefore, saw me not; nor did she hear my footsteps; before her, like a boy at school before his master, stood the young man. To think that she should sit and he be standing! But, Oh! Heavens! what ailed him? His eyes were open and he gazed straight before him, so that he looked into my face, but he seemed to see nothing: his arms were hanging motionless: he stood erect, like a soldier with a pike in waiting for the word of command: his cheek was pale: he seemed as one whose soul had fled while his body waits for its return, or as one entranced, or as one who walks in his sleep. Yet, with the strange feeling upon me, as if anything

might happen and nothing was wonderful, I stood where I was and looked on in silence, though what I saw was beyond the power of the mind to conceive.

Were they play-acting? But in no play-acting that ever I heard of does the actor go through his performance with face so motionless. The play-acting was nothing. Jenny lifted her finger, Frank did the same. Jenny folded a paper into a kind of narrow tube and gave it him, muttering something in a low voice. Then he put the tube to his lips and made as if he were smoking a pipe.

Then Jenny made another gesture, and he dropped the paper. "Think next," she said, imperiously, "of my own people, the Gipsies. I want to know what old Granny is doing and what she is saying. If she is making a charm, tell me how she makes it."

"There is a gipsy camp," he replied slowly, but with no change in his eyes, "outside the houses of a village. They have drawn their carts round an open space, where there is a great fire and a pot upon it."

"And Granny—what is Granny doing?"

"I see an old woman lying upon the boards in one of the carts. A young man lies beside her, groaning and twisting about."

"What does Granny say?"

"She bids him cheer up; for what is a simple flogging at the cart-tail when once 'tis over? And what is a sore back to the rheumatism in every bone?"

"It is my cousin, Pharaoh Lee," said Jenny. "Poor Pharaoh! He has been stealing poultry, no doubt. The back of him should be of leather by now, unless backs get the softer for flogging, like a beefsteak. Well—Leave the camp, and think of my Lord, your brother. So—where is he?"

"He is walking beside Tom Forster, fowling-piece on shoulder. But he looks neither to right nor left, and he is not thinking upon the birds."

"What is he thinking upon then?"

"He is thinking," replied Frank, still with fixed and glassy eyes, "of Dorothy. His mind is quite full of her. He can think of nothing else. He has told her that he loves her, and before she goes away he will tell her so again. 'Sweet Dorothy!' he says in his mind. 'Fair Dorothy! There is none like Dorothy Farster.'"

Now, when I heard these words it seemed to me as if the things I saw and heard were ghostly and sent from the other world, wherefore I fell into the deadly terror which seizes upon those who behold such things and receive such messages, and I shrieked aloud and fell into a swoon, which lasted I know not how long.

When I came to myself, I was sitting in the chair where Jenny (unless it was a vision) had been exercising her witcheries. She was kneeling at my feet, beating my palms, and putting a cold, wet towel to my forehead, with a face full of terror and surprise.

"Ah!" she said, "you are better now, my Lady."

"What is it, Jenny?" I cried, clutching her hand and looking around. "What is it? Where is he?"

"Where is he?" she repeated. "Why—who?"

"Mr. Francis Radcliffe."

"Mr. Francis? Indeed, your Ladyship, I know not. I suppose he may have gone out with the gentlemen shooting, or, perhaps, because he is a studious gentleman, he is in the library, or talking, may be, to Mr. Hilyard. What should Mr. Frank be doing here?"

"Nay—but I saw him!"

"Where did you see him? Oh! madam, rest a while. Your poor head is wandering. You must have had a shock."

"I saw him—I say—here with you—wicked girl! with your sorceries." I pushed her from me; but she looked astonished and not guilty at all—which was most strange.

"Alas! madam, what sorceries? I know not: what you mean. I was in your own room hard by, putting up the lace for your hair, which I shall dress by and by—my own room was close at hand, but I had forgotten it—when I heard a loud cry and a something fall, and ran to help—and oh! dear—oh! dear—it was your Ladyship lying on the floor all by yourself, with your poor face as white as a sheet."

"But I saw him—and you—" I looked about the room; there was certainly no Frank Radcliffe there. Then I started to my feet; the fascination was quite gone; it went away as suddenly as it came. I determined to seek out Frank and learn the truth at once.

"Stay here, shameless girl," I cried. "If thou hast lied thou shalt leave me this moment, even if the village folk burn thee for a witch, as they called thee at Blanchland."

I hastened along the passages and down the stairs to the library. Oh, most wonderful! Everything, with one exception, was just as I had left it half an hour before. Father Howard slept in the quiet corner beside the fire, his great volume on his knee; on the hearth there slowly burned among its white ashes a great log; the silent books stood round the walls, and above them hung the portraits of Radcliffes dead and gone; through the windows I saw the white mists hanging over the meadow and the narrow bed of Devilswater. Everything the same, except, that at a table before one of the windows sat Frank himself, two or three books before him.

"Frank!" I cried.

"Dorothy! What is it! Your cheeks are white and your eyes are frightened—what is it, Dorothy?"

"How long have you been here, Frank?"

"I think all the morning, Dorothy. Why?"

"I saw—that is, I thought I saw you, but just now, in the North corridor. Perhaps it was imagination. Yet, I thought—were you not there, of truth?"

"Indeed, I have not left the library since breakfast. I must have been asleep, like Mr. Howard, for I find I have not turned the page for half-an-hour and more. Do you think, Dorothy," he asked earnestly, "that you have seen a ghost? This Dilston, they say, is full of ghosts. But I have seen none, as yet."

"I know not," I replied, "what I have seen—or what it means."

Frank—you have told me the truth?"

I could not doubt the truth of his straightforward eyes, nor the sincerity of his assurance. Wherefore, with a beating heart, I returned slowly to my own chamber, and found Jenny in tears. I thought I must have seemed harsh to her, feeling now certain that what I had seen was a vision of a disordered brain. Yet, why should the brain of a girl newly made happy by the most noble lover in the world be disordered? Therefore I bestowed upon her a frock, a hood, and a pair of warm cloth gloves, for a New Year's gift, and told her that I must have had some dream or seen some vision, and that I blamed her no longer, though, at heart, I felt some suspicion still, because the dream or vision, if such it had been, remained in my mind clear and strong, so that I could not choose but think it real. And, yet, that Frank should have been in the library since the morning and never once left it!

In the afternoon, I told the whole to Mr. Hilyard, and confessed to him that, although I was now certain that I had been deceived or that I was under some charm, yet that I felt uneasy. He received my story with great seriousness, and began to consider what it might mean.

"Truly," he said, "if this be a vision, and not a cheat by the girl Jenny (but how could she cheat without the assistance of Mr. Frank?) it is a very serious and weighty business. It is a pity that you did not, before you swooned away, throw your arms about the effigies or apparition of the girl, which was done by Lord Colchester about fifty years ago, when he was visited by a Spectre, and clasped thin air, as Ixion clasped his cloud. We may not doubt that warnings



may take various shapes. Thus it is related on good authority from Portsmouth that a gentleman of that place has been lately troubled by the apparition of a man who constantly pursues him and reproaches him for some secret crime; and Colonel Radcliffe, himself, affords another instance, who is also followed continually by some unseen enemy. There is also the authentic story of the ghost of Madam Bendish, of East Ham, near London, who lately appeared to an old gentleman there, and bade him reprove an obstinate son with Proverbs one, two, and three. There was also the young gentleman of All Hallows, Bread Street Parish, who had a vision of a burial, the cloth held by four maids, which came true of himself. And the ghost of Thomas Chambers, of Chesham, in Buckinghamshire, was after his death seen by many, but especially by the maid of the house, leaning, in a melancholy posture, against a tree, attired in the same cap and dress in which they laid him out. We may no more deny these appearances than we may deny the existence of the soul or our immortal hopes. Besides which, if more testimony were wanted, Plutarch, Apuleius, and all the Roman and Grecian histories are full of such instances.

"But, Mr. Hilyard, is there any like my own?"

"I know not one," he replied, thoughtfully: "for there is in your case no threat, nor any call for repentance. You have nothing to do with gipsies and flogging of backs; and there remains the friendly and comfortable assurance, if I may make so bold as to say so, of my Lord's disposition and affection—of which I, for one, have long been fully certain. So, Miss Dorothy, I would advise and counsel that nothing more be said or thought about this strange thing, especially to the girl, lest she be puffed up with conceit and vanity."

What happened that same day was this, though I heard it not till long afterwards. Mr. Hilyard, on leaving me, repaired to a quiet chamber, where he would be undisturbed, and then sent for Jenny to attend him.

She came in fear and trembling.

"Now," he said, shaking his fore-finger in a very terrible way, "what is this I hear about Mr. Francis and yourself?"

"I know nothing, Sir," she began.

"About the gipsies' camp, now?"

"If Miss Dorothy thought she heard Mr. Frank tell me about my cousin Pharaoh's back, she must have dreamed it."

"Now, girl, thou art caught. Know that your mistress said not one word to you of Pharaoh and his back, which I hope hath been soundly lashed for his many thieveries. Therefore, since I know it, because she told me, and since she hath not told you, pray, how do you know it? Girl, on your knees and confess, or worse will happen to thee."

Upon this she burst into tears, fell upon her knees, and confessed a most wonderful thing, which made Mr. Hilyard's very wig to stand on end, so strange it was.

She owned that she possessed, having learned it from her grandmother, a strange and mysterious power over certain persons; that she amused herself with trying it upon various men; that there was a poor fellow at Blanchland (it was the hind, Job Oliver, whom she could make to fetch and carry at her will; but that there was no one over whom she had greater power than over Mr. Frank.

Being asked if he knew, she denied it, saying that, although it pleased him to converse with her sometimes, and to learn from her the secrets of palmistry, and other little things which he persuaded her to teach him, he had no knowledge of the trance into which she could throw him at will; and that, during that period, he could tell her what people were doing anywhere in the world, and what were their thoughts; that she was exercising this gift or sorcery, the power of which belongs only to the gipsies, and to few among them, when Miss Dorothy surprised her; that she hastened to send Mr. Frank, still unconscious, back to the Library, so that, when he returned to himself, he knew not that anything had happened; and thereby she was able to deceive her mistress.

"In the name of Heaven, child!" cried Mr. Hilyard in affright, "hast thou such a power over me?"

Jenny swore she had none, nor was like to have if she tried; and that she would never try upon him, being afraid of detection; nor upon his Honour, Mr. Forster, as in duty bound; nor upon her mistress. But that, as to this young gentleman, he forced himself upon her, coming continually to her, and begging to have the future revealed, either by cards, or by the lines of his hand, or the shape of his head, or the circumstances of his birth; and then nothing would satisfy him but to know, and to learn for himself how, and by what rules and observations, these things were done; so that he laid himself directly open, as it were, to the Evil One; and when the young witch, for so one must now think her, essayed her art upon him, he fell a ready victim. Lastly, the girl implored Mr. Hilyard, with many tears, and on her bended knees, to forgive her, promising that never again would she speak with Mr. Frank, nor practise upon him this truly diabolical art, on penalty of being instantly dismissed the service of Miss Dorothy, and haled before a Justice of the Peace to be dealt with as a witch.

Well, Mr. Hilyard, as he afterwards confessed, was greatly concerned at this narrative, which surprised as well as terrified him. First, he endeavoured to convince the girl that she was in the hands of the Evil One, who would infallibly, unless she repented, bring her to such sufferings as she could not yet even dream of; next that it was the height of presumption for her to exercise this dreadful gift upon a young gentleman; thirdly, he promised to consider what was best to be done, and, if he could, to hide the fact, on her faithful promise to abstain for the future, to fast once a week for six months for penance, and to pray night and morning to be delivered from the Devil. So he dismissed her.

"Next," he told me afterwards, "I fell to thinking how dreadful a thing it must be to possess this power, and how constant a temptation there would be to use it for one's own advantage, or to gratify malice, revenge, and private spite: so that, if all possessed it, for one who would use it for the public good a hundred would use it for their own selfish ends. Further, that an unfortunate creature under this power, and compelled by this influence, might commit the most horrible crimes and know nothing about it. Why, many a poor wretch may have been hanged for things done by command of her who had bewitched him. And as for me, I confess (which shows my unworthiness) that I forgot the wickedness of tempting the Lord and the sin of Saul, and longed to consult so strange an oracle on my own account. From this I was protected by Grace."

As for myself, I resolved to say nothing about it, thinking that we should leave Dilton in a few days, and that meanwhile, being still uneasy, I would watch diligently, and prevent the meeting together in any place of the girl and Mr. Frank. But she gave me no more trouble, and I think there was not another meeting before we went away.

(To be continued)

TEUTONIC ARISTOCRATIC EXCLUSIVENESS sometimes reaches ludicrous proportions. Thus a new bailiff lately taking office on an estate near Clogau, in Silesia, had to sign an agreement that he would not plant asparagus in his kitchen-garden, as "asparagus is considered an aristocratic dish not intended for bourgeois palates."

SOME CURIOUS CASES OF ARSENICAL POISONING recently occurred in the Washington Treasury Department among the women who count the new greenbacks. The fingers are wetted by a sponge to facilitate counting, and the moisture brings out the arsenic in the green dye, thus causing very serious results to many of the counters.

## ART IN INDIA

ENGLISH politicians who speak so glibly of hatching the Indian chrysalis into the gorgeous butterfly of Western civilisation might remember that the 250 millions of Ind are absolutely without a knowledge of the Fine Arts. All those things which we consider so ennobling of national character—music, painting, poetry, literature—are unknown to them, and have no place in their conversation or their thought, the all-absorbing sentiment with Hindus being the accursed hunger for silver, otherwise the rupee. And yet there is a certain love of art in Hindostan, though it is not art as Europeans know it—it is the art of cunning handicraftsmen and of the architectural grotesque. There is art, no doubt, in the elaborately sculptured temples of olden times, and there is art in the exquisite silver and kingfisher feather jewellery, that resembles enamel, turned out to-day, but it may be questioned if the people of India have that natural love of the Fine Arts in them which will ever produce anything extraordinary, a Raphael, a Patti, a Michael Angelo—in short, a great painter, singer, sculptor, or phenomenon of that kind. This seems to be a singular defect in the national character, and is not to be accounted for on any of the theories usually adduced. They have no originality, none of the genius in the arts that raise nations from a state of semi-barbarism to the highest state of all. And yet, in so far as the mere cunning of the hand goes, they can excel. I have known natives—self-educated natives too—to paint miniature portraits on ivory that were as faithful likenesses as photographs, and infinitely more beautiful, yet the same men could not for the life of them draw anything in which the exercise of their imagination was necessary. One of them, for example, found it utterly impossible to draw some simple illustrations for a work on Indian life and character. With regard to music, they are just as bad. One may hear well-taught native musicians play various European instruments mechanically, and even well; but to compose anything, or even to put any soul into their playing, is as much beyond their gifts as it is to fly. Their own music, indeed, they excel in; but as this resembles nothing so much as the braying of a jackass to the accompaniment of the Scottish bagpipes, it is perhaps not surprising that the poorest rhyot can make himself a tolerable proficient in it. Indians claim to have poets and poetry; but their songs or *slokans* are on the level of Ethiopian minstrelsy. Hafiz, their great man, was a Persian; and most of their so-called literature—mere childish tales, folk-lore, and fables—is Persian, or of Persian origin, also. It is impossible to think of India producing a Shakespeare, or even a Thackeray or Dickens, or, indeed, of it producing anything phenomenal in the way of literature or art. The people have no genius, no idiosyncrasies in that direction, and they cover their deficiencies by the bitterly absurd plea of European importations having debased whatever art they ever had. It would be truer to say that their own avariciousness is in fault. The great demand, the universal demand, in these days of rapid communication, for Indian curios has taught the Indians to look to quantity, not quality, for their profits; and the consequence is that the work in which they excel is slovenly done, and often an imposition: as, for instance, work in so-called sandalwood, but which is really any cheap wood smeared with sandalwood oil. And, as artists in India are strictly hereditary workers, the son pursuing the father's trade, whether he has a natural bent for it or not, Indian art runs in a groove out of which it very rarely turns to the right or left. Certainly cheap goods from Europe have ousted many fancy articles of local manufacture from the Indian market; but I don't know that their absence is to be much regretted. Indian fancy work has been growing worse and worse these thirty years past for the reason given above; and it is now, as the rule, so indifferent that Brummagem ware, even from an artistic point of view, is better than it is.

There were some specialities which may indeed be regretted, as the celebrated Dacca muslins, and the barbaric pearl and gold of the jeweller's art; but in a general way Indian Art is very poor. Anglo-Indian officials imagine they can create a School of Art in India by sending paintings of their own to local Art Exhibitions, but before one can create a love of the fine arts in India, one must recreate the Hindu himself, and make him a man of very different proclivities from what he is at present. It is very strange what a want of eye and ear there is in every Indian. Give a Sepoy—who is a man somewhat above the average intelligence—a picture, say from *The Graphic*, and it is all one to him whether he holds it correctly or upside down. There are soldiers, not as the exception, but the rule, who have heard their regimental bands play "God Save the Queen" every day almost of their lives for twenty or more years, and yet cannot distinguish that tune from another played in the same time. Ideas of beauty they have none. Their most admired sculptures are simply deformities, and their notion of the female form divine is a fat woman with a "moon face." I do not believe that any Indian can see the loveliness of fine scenery spread out before him, though if the scenery is awful, or grand, he is ready enough to people the locality with gins and goblins. And there is said to be no such word as "love" in the Hindostani language, though there is "lust," which passes muster for it. In short, wherever we look for the divine spark in the Indian character we look in vain. He has no perception of what Lord Lytton used to call "the Beautiful and the True," and the question is, Can he be educated into a perception of either—or rather both? On that, I think, hinges the elevation of the native of India to a high place among peoples more than on anything else. We may make him a politician, a magistrate, a judge, or anything else we please, but so long as he can absorb none of the ennobling influences of the Arts, or, in other words, of the highest civilisation, he will remain, as he is now, but a tinkling brass and a sounding cymbal. But to answer that question in anything but the affirmative would be to show a base ingratitude to that ancient East from which we have derived so much of our earliest knowledge and culture. My only way of replying to it is by offering the theory of the Soul of the People of India being moribund or dead; the theory, in short, of that people being artistically "played out." All the indigenous Art we have now to admire in Hindustan is ancient Art, the Art of people who lived hundreds and thousands of years ago. The present generation could no more create the rock-cut temples of Elephanta, or the magnificent pagodas of other days, than they could fly. It is extraordinary, then, that there are persons who can imagine that a mere stroke of the official pen will give a soul and inspiration to a people which shows no signs artistically of possessing either; that it is possible to regenerate up to a European level a nation whose artistic soul is dying or dead. Of course there is this theory also to be offered for the obvious decadence of Art in India, that the women of India are grossly ignorant—mere animals, so to say. We know that our own mothers are the most effective teachers of the Beautiful. An English child is taught by his mother from the very first to love and appreciate all that is beautiful in Nature or in Art, but the Indian child's surroundings are squalid, and his mother is incapable of elevating his character. There are those who think that, when the women of India are educated—if they ever can be educated—the mother's early influence on the children will regenerate the race; but my own thirty years' experience of Indian life and character inclines me to regard that dream as purely Utopian. I am not aware that education has any great influence on the character of the educated native. It serves usually as a veneer over superstition and Oriental apathy, but it does not give the man himself the high moral character we might expect along with it. The educated rush into the Law to become pleaders in the Courts, or to do anything that will put money in their pockets, but when do we hear of the higher education making a

native a poet, a painter, a musician, or anything demanding the divine spark of genius. Clever men there have been among them, but their cleverness runs to money-making, whether that is to be found in Commerce or Law; and in this they resemble the Chinese, that they seem unable to advance into what we consider to be the nobler life, and the higher conditions of existence.

A paternal and well-meaning Government has given the natives of India Schools of Art, in which it is hoped they may learn to become artists. I have visited those schools, but the only thing I saw to admire there was the closeness of the imitation. The busts and models were as faithfully copied as if done by some mechanism, but there was never a sign of either genius or originality in anything I saw. At Singapore I once saw a dozen pair of white trousers, which a Chinaman had made from an old pattern, and in the same way I admired the fidelity with which every pair had the patch of the original on their widest part. Give a native of India anything to copy, and he will do his work well, but he has no originality in Art now, and I question if he ever will. But can any one seriously think of Indian autonomy without this great factor in a civilised and successful administration? What would English Government, or the English people, be if they could think of little else but rupees, and if their conversation ran entirely on silver? What would a nation be with nothing to represent it in the way of Art but cow-dung idols, tom-toms, and nursery rhymes for putting babies to sleep? There are persons who can imagine such a people governing themselves, but for my own part I cannot conceive such an absurdity. I should rather imagine that, if left to their own devices, they would speedily fall into the clutches of the first European Power that had an inclination that way, because when a nation has lived out its Art as India has done, we may depend upon it it is ripe for the control of a more vigorous Power than itself.

F. E. W.



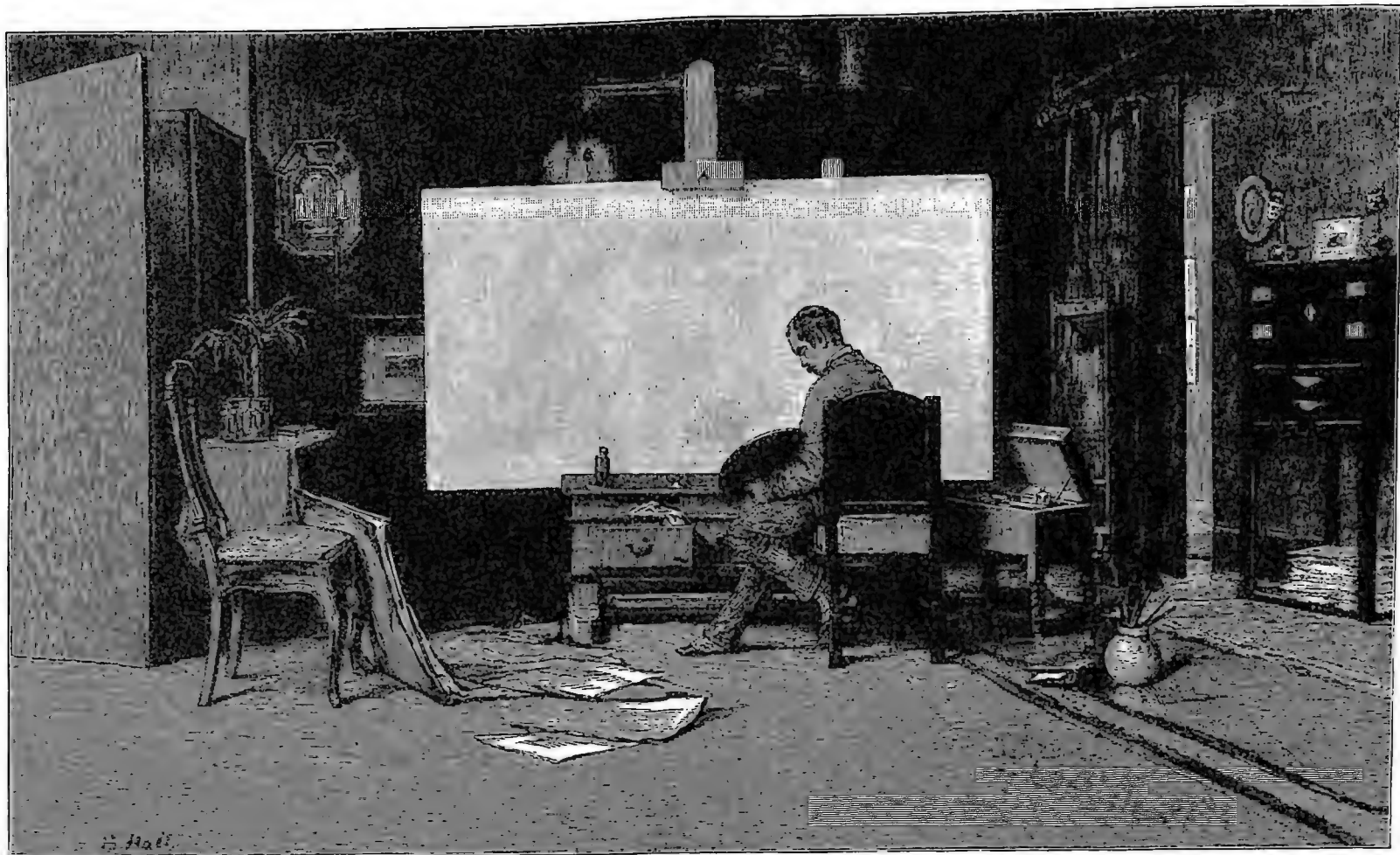
ON almost every conceivable point connected with teaching Captain D. de Carteret Bisson, in "Our Schools and Colleges" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), gives the latest information. The work first appeared more than ten years ago, and seven editions have brought it to its present state of perfection and bulk. The Boys' volume contains some 1,300 pp., the Girls' nearly 800; and yet this mass of matter is so well arranged that you can readily find anything you want, from the way of getting into the line out of the Militia to the true mode of pronouncing German, on which Captain Bisson gives his reasons for correcting our insular prejudice in favour of Hanover. Of course there is a complete *catalogue raisonné* of colleges and schools, the only exception we can find being the Wesleyan School at Truro; but there are also excursions on such matters as Deaf and Dumb Training (giving the results of the International Congress), on Continental Education (full of sound advice), and (in the Girls' volume) on such risky matters as Dress and accomplishments. In his remarks about girls' studies Captain Bisson (author of "The Dumasque Shakespeare") has some very original criticisms of our great dramatist, especially about the character of Isabella. But, of course, his chief aim has been to produce a perfect book of reference, and he has done it. He is broad in his interpretation of the phrase *public schools*; and has actually ventured to add twenty-four to the original nine. It is interesting to learn that the first negro graduate at Oxford, now practising at the Inner Temple, was led to think of coming to England for education through studying an early edition of Captain Bisson's work.

Miss Agnes Smith is certainly not nervous; for she was first catching and securing her stray boxes, and then quietly sucking an orange during the storm which wrecked the *Kennure Castle*, and by which her own ship was all but engulfed. She is moreover original, for she has managed to give freshness to her well-worn subject, "Glimpses of Greek Life and Scenery" (Hurst and Blackett). She does this by describing things exactly as they appeared to three ladies not unused to travel about, yet necessarily a little bamboozled by their Greek "courier." Her visit to the Boule is delicious. We wish we had seen that lady who leaned over from the gallery, shouting, "Messieurs les Députés, I beseech you—" the rest of her protest being lost in the hubbub. She doesn't wonder at the lack of enthusiasm when King and Queen and foreign Royalties show themselves: "They have not shared in the sacrifices of the people." For everything wherein Greece is behind its neighbours she has the excuse of "ages of oppression." Indeed, did she not assure us of her nationality, we might think she was an Irish patriot who meant us to read Saxon between the lines in which she talks about Turk. Between Scot and Greek she finds half-a-dozen points of resemblance. She might have found two more, in the monstrous charges for accommodation (twenty-five francs a day for the use of a loft), and in the fact that so many of the best Greeks are to be found anywhere but in Hellas. Whether that buxom landlady at Leondari, of whom Miss Smith says sadly: "She gave us ginger-cakes, &c.; we wish rather she had scrubbed her floors," has her representative in the Land of Cakes we will not presume to say. Her most interesting experience was Easter at the Monastery on Evas (Ithomé). The discussion on Greek music may be recommended to Professor Mahaffy; but it was too bad to make Canon Farrar's name in the guest-book a peg for a very British sally about eternal punishment. The Hegoumenos's reply was a delicate hint to ladies not to be over-controversial.

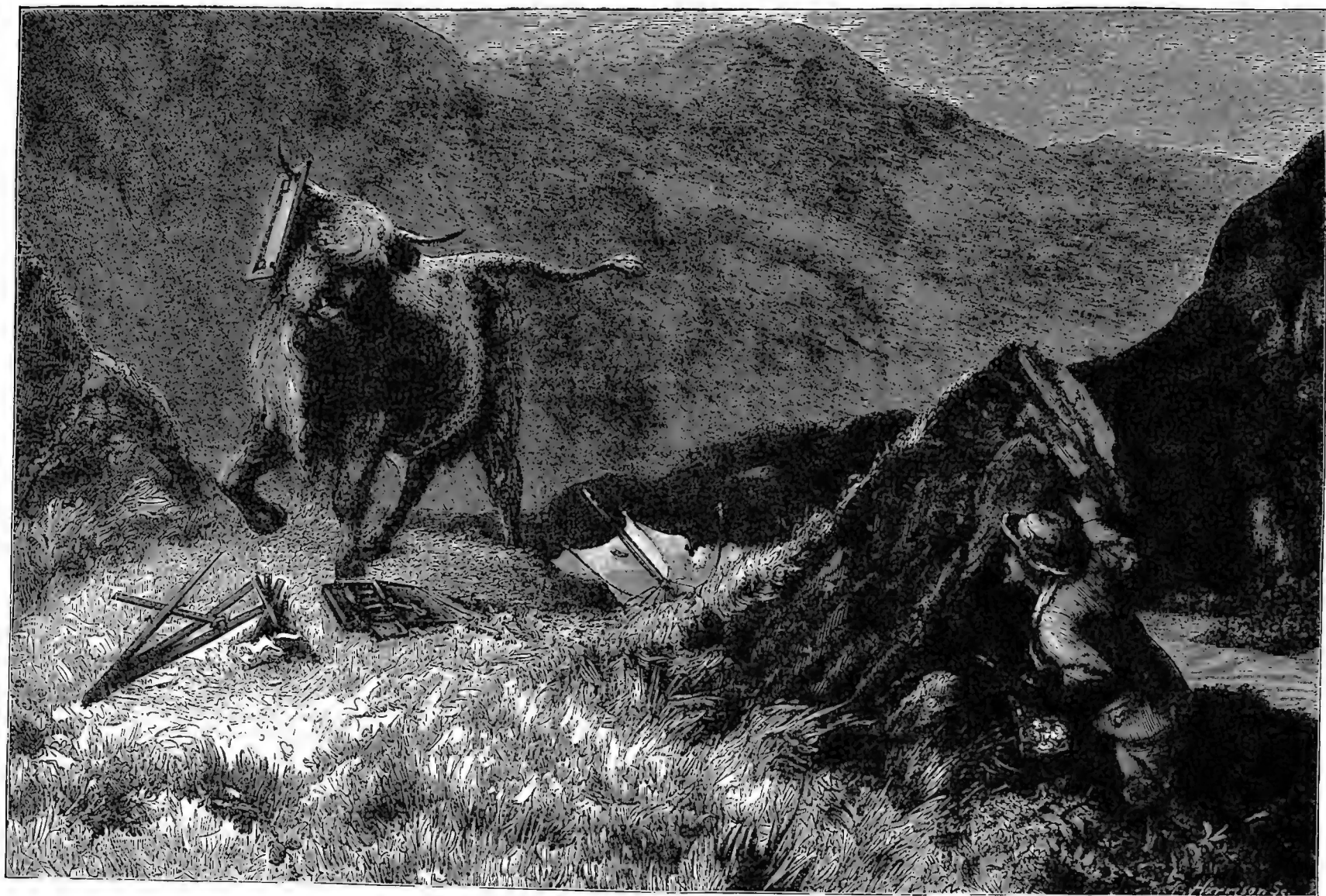
Mr. C. Dudley Warner's "Roundabout Journey" (Chatto and Windus) has much more in it than Miss Smith's. It is a sample of the best American travel-work; and such work we know is readable and suggestive. Mr. Warner is very anti-French. At Avignon and elsewhere he contrasts "the ill-made, inferior soldiers" with the stalwart intelligent defenders of the Fatherland; at Palermo he is hard on French dealings in Tunis, and thinks them of a piece with the tyranny which brought on the Sicilian Vespers. Nor does he like the Maltese; they deserve their character—"the most evasive lying swindlers and cheats in the Mediterranean"—i.e., the men deserve it, for he was captivated by the women, with their brown eyes and their *faldetta*. In Africa he gets as far as Tetuan, and sadly notices how glaring colours are ousting the subdued tones of Moorish decoration. He ends his pilgrimage at Baireuth, where he hears Wagner's *Parsifal*, his analysis of which is cleverly done.

We are practising real self-denial in giving only a short notice of Rev. H. Friend's "Flowers and Flower-Lore" (Sonnenschein and Co.). The lore is so full and interesting that we might well fill all our space by telling of rain-trees (the rain from which seems shed by *cicadas*), of how wheat (for which rice is only a makeshift) came to be thrown at weddings, of the Tuscan custom *fuori il verde*, of our English "peascod wooing," from Mr. Friend's text as well as from his notes. These introduce us to a whole library of plant-lore; indeed, throughout the book is as painstaking and exhaustive as it is interesting. Stories like that of the Duke of Montausier sending to Julia of Rambouillet a daily bouquet painted on vellum, and accompanied with a sonnet by one of the chief French poets, alternate with discussions about the derivation of Sweet William (Willy, *Williet*, says our author), and etymological notes like the connection between *Baum* and *beam* (cf. hornbeam). Mr. Friend



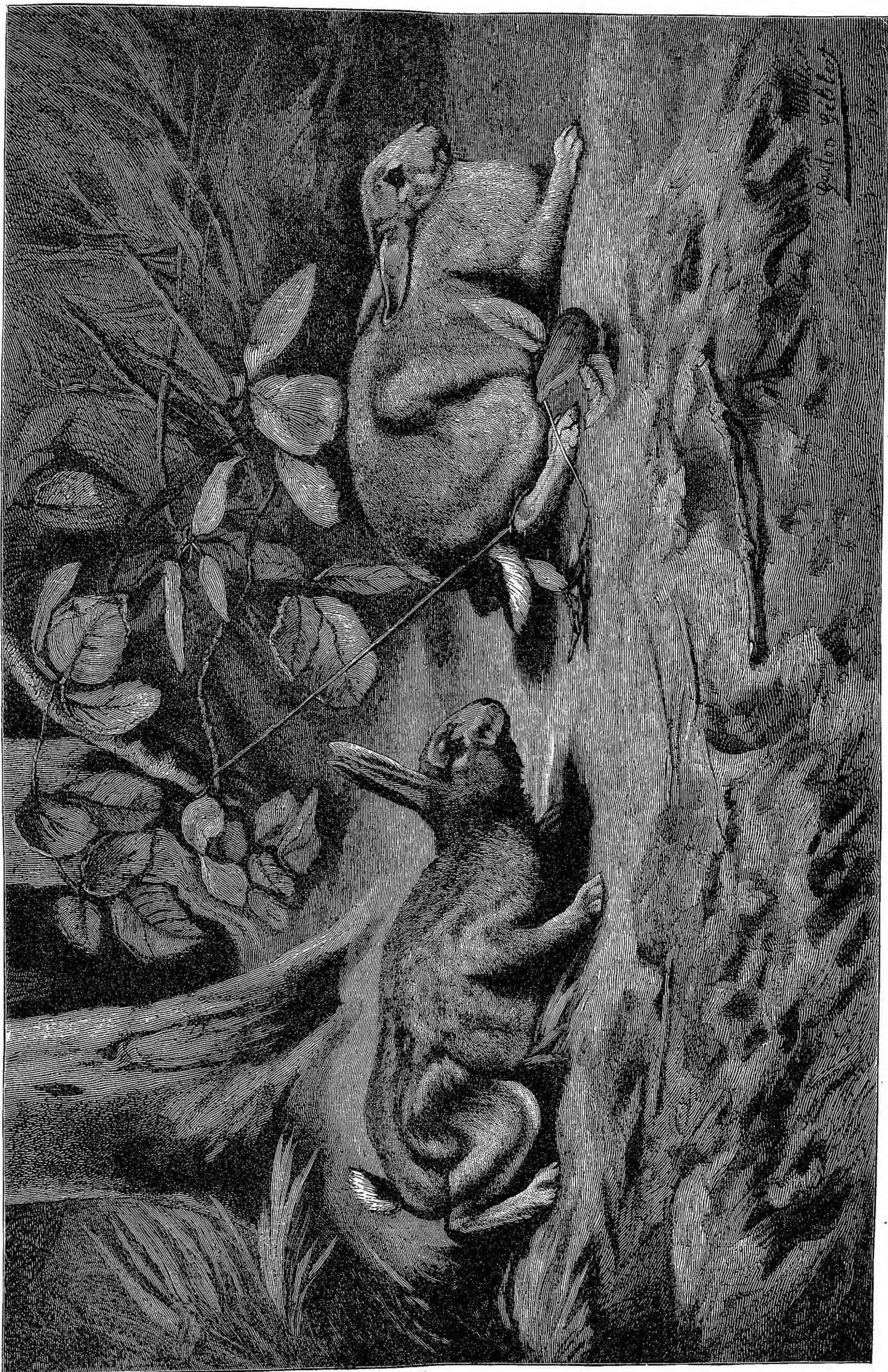


A NEW CANVAS



A DISTASTE FOR THE FINE ARTS





"A SUBJECT FOR MEDITATION"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY GASTON GÉLIBERT IN THE GRAPHIC GALLERY



forgets nothing, not even that "a clover of two" is just as fateful as a four-leaved shamrock.

A preacher who settles the question of Materialism by calling Evolution "the old hat trick" is sure of full benches. Whether or not spiritual martinets are justified in stigmatising him as a Broad Church Spurgeon is not our concern. In "The Key of Doctrine and Practice" (Bumpus) Mr. Haweis treats the Trinity, Heaven, Hell, Sunday, Board Schools, Earthquakes, in a way to make the orthodox cry *anathema*, but to set plain men thinking, and to help their thoughts to useful issues. "Undone" is full of real grit, and so is "the English Reformation," which we heartily recommend to the advocates of Disestablishment. On "The Stage" he writes *con amore* and to good purpose. Some readers will wish he had left out the sermons on "Spiritualism" and "Immortality." Yet these two, reported verbatim (the others being rough notes), are in his own estimation more important than all the rest, for in these he strives to put "the possibility of survival on a scientific basis." Whatever may be thought of them, there can be no question as to the value of much that is enforced in the other sermons.

Captain W. J. Gill was one of those born travellers of whom England can number at least as many as any country in the world. He was always exploring. A good deal of what he did in South-Western China has appeared from time to time in the records of the Geographical Society; and now, at his sister's wish, Mr. E. Colborne Baber has condensed, and Colonel Yule has prefaced with an appreciative memoir, an illustrated edition of his well-known "River of Golden Sand" (Murray). We are glad that the geographical introduction, summarising Captain Gill's researches on the Kin-Sha, or upper branch of the Yang-Tse-Kiang, has not been curtailed. Colonel Yule has brought it up to date by including in it the travels of Count Szechenyi and Mr. A. R. Colquhoun. Very few books of travels can compete in interest with this tapping of a hitherto unexplored land. Whether Mr. Gill is "tracking the footsteps of Marco Polo and of Augustus Margary," or describing the perilous Chinese haul-bridges, or their way of getting fire by compression, or treating of the habits of the Si-Fan, he always writes as one whose heart was in his work. The melancholy fate which joined him with Professor Palmer and Lieutenant Charrington in the Wadi Sadr deprived us not only of a distinguished explorer, but of one whose amiable qualities endeared him to all who knew him. We have been as much pleased with the journal of his travels in Persia (whence short leave alone prevented him from getting to Persia), in Tipoli, &c., as with the more detailed chapters about the Lolos and Ta Chien Lu.

It was inevitable that sooner or later some member of our Alpine Club should climb "The High Alps of New Zealand" (Macmillan), and reach the summit of Mount Cook. How Mr. Spotswood Green managed to do this, taking his Alpine ropes and other apparatus, and two tried mountaineers, Emil Boss of Grindelwald, and Ulrich Kauffmann, he tells in one of the best mountaineering books that has ever been written. However weary we may be of the Oberland, such names as the great Tasman glacier give a zest to the narrative; and there is enough of danger to commend the story of the ascent to those who have been up peaks and over glaciers on their own account. The siege of Mount Cook lasted sixty-two hours, and the assailants met at the outset with a repulse sufficient to have cooled the courage of an ordinary Alpine climber. The descent was far worse than the ascent. By and by there will be a comfortable refuge hollowed out where the three spent the night, clinging to the face of the rock, and haunted with fears lest the snow bridges over the Linda glacier should have thawed away and become impassable. Mr. Green found some of the peaks covered with edelweiss; is it the same as the Swiss, or edelweiss with a difference, as he suspects is the case with a little *euphrasia* which was growing along with it? The book gives incidentally a lively picture of Melbourne and the stinking Yarra-Yarra, and the quarantine, and the bulldog ants, as well as of Canterbury and the Mackenzie Plains; but all this is secondary to the great work which entitles Mr. Green to take equal rank with Mr. Whymper, or any of the other leaders of the Alpine Club.

From her birth the Baroness de Gai-Frédon, née de Gaiac, had been called "the little duchess." Moreover, her godmother was the Duchess of Berri's mother. No wonder, then, that while she was travelling from Paris to look after her late husband's property (a haunted château) near Nantes she is mistaken for the wife of Charles X.'s second son. Her adventures along the road are most tragically told—how she becomes the heroine of a company of Vendéan squires, and how they are swooped down on by a troop of cavalry, which they manage to get rid of; how the lady and her champion, the Chevalier de Florival, stand a siege in the old château, which the soldiers set on fire. Then, at last, the explanation comes; and it is to be hoped the Government pays the expenses. M. Quatrelles' story is slight enough, but Eugene Courboin's etchings and coloured engravings are delightful. They remind one of Kenny Meadows, but the touch is lighter.

The 171st annual edition of "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionship" (Dean and Son) has just been issued. It is, as for several years past, edited by Mr. Robert H. Mair, and fully attains the high standard attained by its predecessors. For information about living members of the titled classes we always turn to "Debrett."—From the same publishers and editor we have received "Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench," brought up to the latest date. Why has Mr. Mair left off telling us how many children (if any) married M.P.'s have? He used to do so.

## HALL OF RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS

SINCE the higher education of women in London has been a possibility, and especially since the University of London, in advance of the sister Universities at Oxford and Cambridge, decided to grant degrees to women, need has been felt for some institution where women could enjoy the social advantages of collegiate life in some such manner as men do at the older Universities. The Hall of Residence for Women Students, opened in October, 1882, at 11, Lyng Place, Gordon Square, is intended to supply this pressing need, and to meet the reasonable objections raised by many parents to the lonely life led by their daughters in boarding-houses and lodgings. So successful has the institution been during the first year, that in February last an important extension of the original building was carried out, and accommodation was added for thirteen extra students. It is hoped that with this increase in the number of students the funds will show a yearly surplus. The fees range from fifty-one to seventy-five guineas, according to the size of the room occupied, for the thirty-three weeks of the academic session; and these fees include everything except wine. Each student occupies a room furnished as a sitting-room and bedroom combined. There is a large dining-hall and a "common room" where students can have private teaching, where they can read the papers or receive their friends. Report says that the students' private rooms are furnished and decorated with fine taste; and that many of them rival in attractiveness the best rooms of Oxford undergraduates. Of the seventeen students at present in residence two are preparing at University College for the B.A. examination, and two for the matriculation of the London University; another is a student of literature at University College; another is preparing for the examination of the Pharmaceutical Society. Four ladies are students of the London School of Medicine for Women, and preparing for the M.B. Degree

(London), and the remainder are studying Art at the Slade School and elsewhere. The committee has recognised a principle which, so far as we know, has never been adopted in institutions of this kind. We refer to the representation of students on the governing body. This liberal measure, which invites the co-operation of students and gives them a means for the legitimate expression of opinion, will enable the students in residence to have a member elected annually as their representative on the committee. It is hoped that the benefit of this may be felt in strengthening the bond of a common interest.

The institution is yet in its early youth; but it has received the support of many distinguished men and women; and under the able management of Miss Grove, for several years the esteemed and valued Lady Principal of Queen's College, Harley Street, it is certain to achieve success, and to take as unquestionable a social position as the men's colleges have held for centuries. Our sketch represents two students at work in their prettily furnished room.



MRS. COMYNS CARR is gradually obtaining a monopoly in the peasant life about Genoa as material for fiction. "Fortunina" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is so far her most successful study in a field of which she evidently has not yet exhausted the freshness. It is admirably constructed, and deals with more distinctly dramatic types of character. That her plot is not very probable in any part of the world is of very small moment—she makes it seem probable, which is the principal thing, and she is of course aided in this by her still unfamiliar atmosphere. Nor is the grace of her story injured by what we cannot nevertheless help thinking her over-poetic and romantic colour. An Italian Balzac, unbiassed by sentimental traditions about Italy and her peasantry, would certainly take a very different view of such picturesque society from Mrs. Comyns Carr, who, though with obvious personal knowledge, is content to see things as conventional usage, together with her own romantic tendencies, bids her see them. However, most readers will prefer to enjoy the grace and charm which Mrs. Carr succeeds in finding so profusely, and reproduces so pleasantly. She has the art of obtaining tender and even pathetic effects by the simplest methods, and of interesting by means of her style as well as of her story. It is gratifying to find signs of an ambition to deal with larger matters than she has shown hitherto. Vittoria, for example, is a study which required some dramatic grasp and subtlety, and has been dealt with quite successfully enough to lead to the conclusion that her best work is yet to come. Nor for the present can she do better than continue the series of those pictures of local life and scenery into which she never fails to import so much of her own graceful fancy. It is well to have laid her hand upon a corner of the world in which old-fashioned romance may still be put in action without too obviously bringing it into collision with reality.

Uncle George, who gives his name to "Uncle George's Money," a story by S. C. Bridgeman (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is a stupid old gentleman, who bequeaths 120,000*l.* to a sister and niece, and leaves a letter to be accidentally discovered, according to which all but 10,000*l.* is to be surrendered to the unknown supposed son of a dead brother of the testator, should that person ever turn out a reality. Before finding the letter, the niece had very generously shared her fortune with another brother of the testator, who had been left out in the cold. Of course not only does the letter turn up, but the missing heir also appears. The niece surrenders her portion, but the heir of the brother, to whom she had given the other half, very naturally objects; and in consequence (not so naturally) looked upon very coldly by society. It never seems to have occurred to any of the parties, or to the authoress, that all the demands of law, honour, and justice could have been fulfilled at once and with the utmost ease by an arrangement that would give the handsome fortune of 40,000*l.* to each of the three. However, out of this absurd complication arise others which are only very little less absurd, and some not very comprehensible episodes, as when a man, supposed to be a gentleman, tells a girl, with whom he had broken, that he will marry her after all, in the most insulting manner and words imaginable; and when she accepts him instead of showing him the door. It need hardly be said that, in a plot devoid of any inherent strength, unnecessary misunderstanding by the characters of their own and of other people's feelings have an important part to play; and altogether, with their want of common sense and of the capacity for dealing with the simplest difficulties, Uncle George's relations do not form an interesting circle. Money is always a good subject for modern romance, but even more than love it requires to be dealt with under its actual conditions. Comedy might have dealt with a lot of incompetent people at any rate amusingly; but the author has preferred to deal seriously with their helpless confusion.

Not often has a new authoress the advantage of being introduced to the public by help of a special preface, in which she receives, at starting, her place in the roll of authorship among the names of Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, and all sisterhood of their craft, dead or alive. This service, however, Mr. Richard Herz Shepherd has done for "The Valley of Sorek," a novel by Gertrude M. George (2 vols.: George Redway). The reader is informed, before starting, that he is about to make acquaintance with a writer who possesses "the rare flavour and aroma of originality," and "the distinct and undoubted faculty of relating an interesting series of events, linked together by a chain of causes, in a dramatic and effective manner." The leading characters are analysed—in short the critic's work is done for him beforehand by Mr. Richard Herz Shepherd, who certainly does not seem to hold the ordinary doctrine as to the necessity of a bush for good wine. We trust testimonials of this sort will never become customary, if only on the ground of their being calculated to add a new terror to the life of a reviewer, and of their tending to excite hostile prejudices not altogether easy to overcome. It is sufficient to read Miss George herself, without having matters complicated by the intrusion of Mr. Richard Herz Shepherd. The new authoress has quite talent enough to justify her in coming forward upon her own merits, and we agree with Mr. Richard Herz Shepherd that originality is among them. But then there is originality of many kinds. That of Miss George is mainly apparent in the invention of an altogether non-existent form of masculine society. As a picture of the difficulties which beset a man who seriously endeavours to lead a moral and religious life, the novel is simply absurd; though of course a hero like her Westgate, who is converted from a loose life by a sudden impulse, and is so utterly devoid of moral courage, or indeed of ordinary reason, as to be beneath contempt alike in his good and his evil conditions, cannot be judged altogether by common rules. But even such a man as Westgate would be as safe as any body else from the special temptations to which Miss George exposes him. A little knowledge of the kind of chaff which is really all that a young man who is in earnest about anything has to fear, and of the ordinary forms of masculine conversation, would have saved her from a great deal of pretentious absurdity. For the rest, she possesses literary qualities which will certainly help experience to bring her towards the place among novelists which the preface to her first work claims for her in anticipation.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"SHODDYVILLE: a Social and Political Satire," by "Paladin" (Kerby and Endean), is a clever though very bitter little drawing-room comedietta, showing up the disastrous tendencies of proletarianism. Besides, it contains a pretty song, which we should like to hear set to suitable music, and which might not be ill-adapted for performance at private theatricals.

We fear that A. W. Norton, the author of "Spithead, and Other Poems" (Civil Service Printing and Publishing Company, Limited), has mistaken his vocation. He shows but little facility in verse-making, and absolutely no sense of the ludicrous; fancy speaking of the ill-fated *Royal George* as "great Georgie?" And how on earth did the oars of the Northmen contrive to float on the evening breeze? The atmosphere must have been much denser, or wood much lighter, in those days. Again, take the following:—

The drunkard perished, and, alas! his goal.  
He found his whisky, but he lost his soul,  
And when his body to the grave did sink,  
He cried for mercy, but he craved for drink.

Apparently, Mr. Norton has, in this passage, attempted to emulate Crabbe—we must do him the justice to own that he has almost succeeded in burlesquing "Rejected Addresses."

An extremely handsome gift-book is Sir Samuel Ferguson's well-known "Forging of the Anchor" (Cassell). The poem throughout is spirited, and goes with the true swing, whilst the illustrations are almost uniformly excellent; we may specially commend three,—by Mr. A. Barrard (page 11); Mr. H. G. Glindoni (page 17); and Mr. E. J. Staniland (page 23).

"Visions of the Night, 1850: a National Portrait," by "Britannus" (City of London Publishing Company, Limited), seems to be meant for a satire on a well-known statesman; but it is rather weak, and has no poetic value.

The contents of "Ella Cuthullen, and Other Poems, Old and New," by Greville J. Chester, B.A. (Marcus Ward), are of very unequal merit. Some of the slighter pieces, notably the songs intended for music, are pretty and graceful, whilst "Captain and Squire" is a really fine dramatic idyll; but, as a rule, there is a lack of strength; and, although the blank verse is careful, it is little more than a studied imitation of the Laureate's style. The story of the main poem, though told with some force, is decidedly unpleasant, the main incident being that a father, after committing bigamy, unwittingly makes love to his own daughter. Even the greatest genius could hardly make such a situation other than repulsive.

A pleasant little volume, by the veteran Quaker poet of America, John Greenleaf Whittier, is "The Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems" (Sampson Low). The chief piece, relating the betrayal of one sister by the other, is powerful, and will recall several Old World legends. The story is told with spirit. Good, too, are "How the Women Went from Dover," a ballad of the Quaker persecution in 1662; and "A Summer Pilgrimage," which has quite a smack of Andrew Marvell. But best of all is a beautiful devotional poem, entitled "At Last"; this is quite a gem in its way.

The reading public generally, and those especially who, in past years, have had the privilege of the author's personal acquaintance, should welcome "Lyrical Recreations," by Samuel Ward (Macmillan). Some of the poems—those, for instance, addressed to the Poet Laureate, and that on the Edelweiss—will doubtless be recognised by many as old friends; but those hitherto unknown are equally acceptable. Mr. Ward has a genuine lyric gift, combined with most dainty imagination, and no small sense of humour; whilst through many of the poems there breathes a spirit of simple, unaffected piety, which is most refreshing in these days of subjectively morbid verse. We would particularise amongst the collection "Monkhood," "Ziska," and, as a good ballad, "Falconry." The French translations also are elegant and scholarly, that of "Locksley Hall" particularly so.

Spenser is not a very favourite model with young writers of the present day, but his influence is clearly to be traced in "Romance of Song; or, the Muse in Many Moods," by William Reid (David Bogue). As a whole the work seldom rises above a painstaking mediocrity, and is not without a suspicion of tediousness. At times, however, a somewhat higher level is gained, as in the excellently-told tale of Orpheus. We should rather like to know, by the bye, how Mr. Reid pronounces the Thracian singer's name, as well as that of Amphion.

CHARITABLE ITEMS.—Suffering little Londoners have many valuable institutions devoted to their relief, and yet the cases still outnumber the space available, so that help may well be given to increase the accommodation. Thus St. Monica's Home for Sick Children, Quex Road, Kilburn, which relieves poor little ones suffering from acute surgical diseases, and from those chronic maladies which need longer treatment than can be afforded in a general hospital, has outgrown its quarters, and asks for funds to build a suitable Home. The institution began nine years ago with room for eight children, and now receives twenty-two, while in the new building it is intended to accommodate thirty-five patients and eleven workers, the incurable cases being nursed and comforted to the end, while the other patients are educated and helped to earn a livelihood. Since the beginning, 109 cases have been treated, of whom seventeen incurables have died, thirty-one have left perfectly cured, and the remainder have been greatly benefited, and put in the way of supporting themselves. A good healthy site has been secured at Brondesbury, and the building will be begun as soon as the funds can be gathered, 3,500*l.* being needed. Donations will be received by the Lady Superintendent, at the Home, or by the Treasurer, W. H. Bosanquet, Esq., 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.—Another Association for helping the young—this time in health—the Marine Society (*Warspite* training ship), are very much out of funds, having been obliged to trench on their capital. Since placing the first training-ship on the Thames in 1786, the Society has taken 59,600 destitute boys from the streets, clothed, fed, trained, and sent them to sea, while at the present time these lads are considered amongst the best sailors who enter the Navy. Widows of naval officers have also been relieved, and numerous girls apprenticed, so that the expenses incurred are great. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. H. W. Andrews, at the Society's Offices, 54½, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.; and we may note that 17*l.* will maintain a boy for a year.—Another plea comes from the Cabmen's Shelter Fund, which in nine years finds its work much appreciated by the London cabmen. Thirty-three shelters are now placed throughout London, most being special gifts to the Committee, and some being used by 100 to 150 men daily. There the cabmen can get tea, coffee, &c., have their food cooked, rest, and read such newspapers as they are kindly given. Each shelter costs from 140*l.* to 170*l.*, and more are greatly needed, while money is wanted to keep them in repair. Subscriptions may be put in the donation boxes at the Shelters, or sent to the Hon. Sec., W. Macnamara, Esq., at the Office, 15, Soho Square, W.—The National Dental Hospital, 149, Great Portland Street, last year treated 27,247 cases, and is anxious to become self-supporting, so as to secure permanent benefit to the working-classes. The Hospital has been offered 200*l.* towards an endowment fund of 1,800*l.* further can be raised, and help is earnestly requested. Funds to be sent to the Hospital.—The new building of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, is now being erected, and a meeting was held at the Mansion House on March 21st, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to promote its completion.



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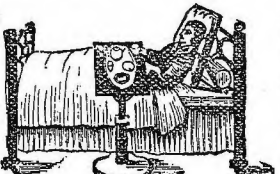


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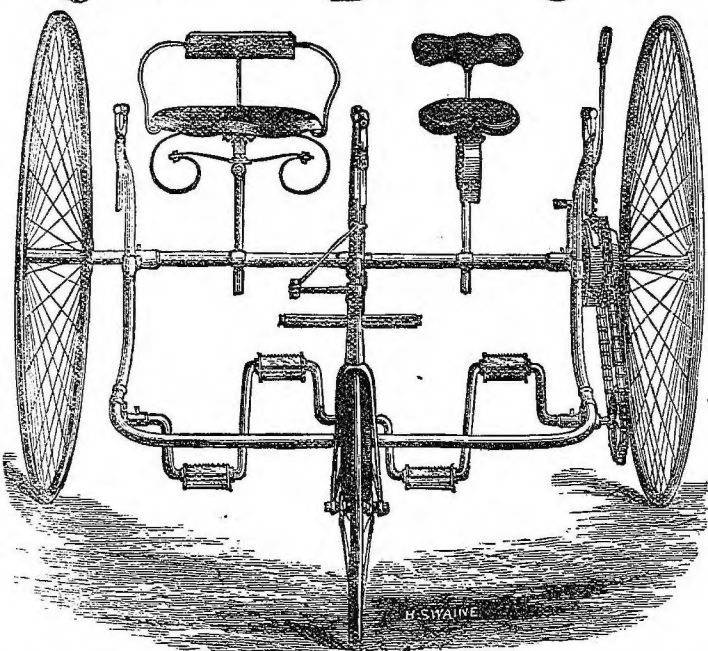
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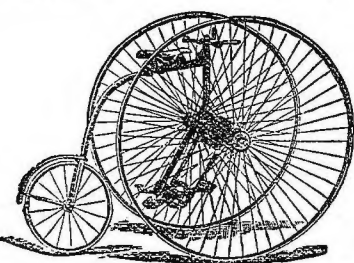
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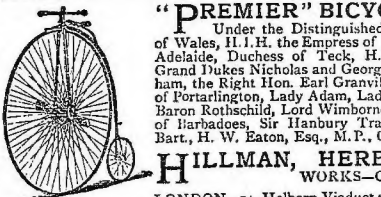
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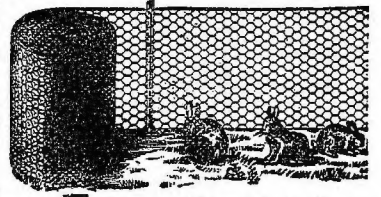
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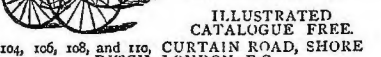


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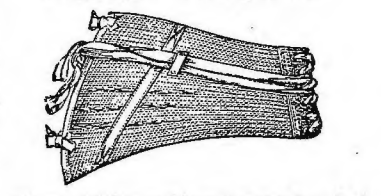
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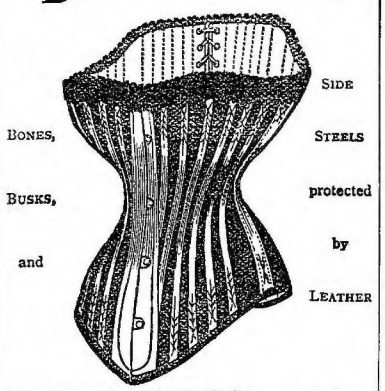
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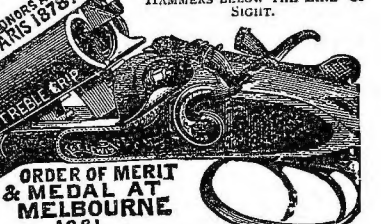
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